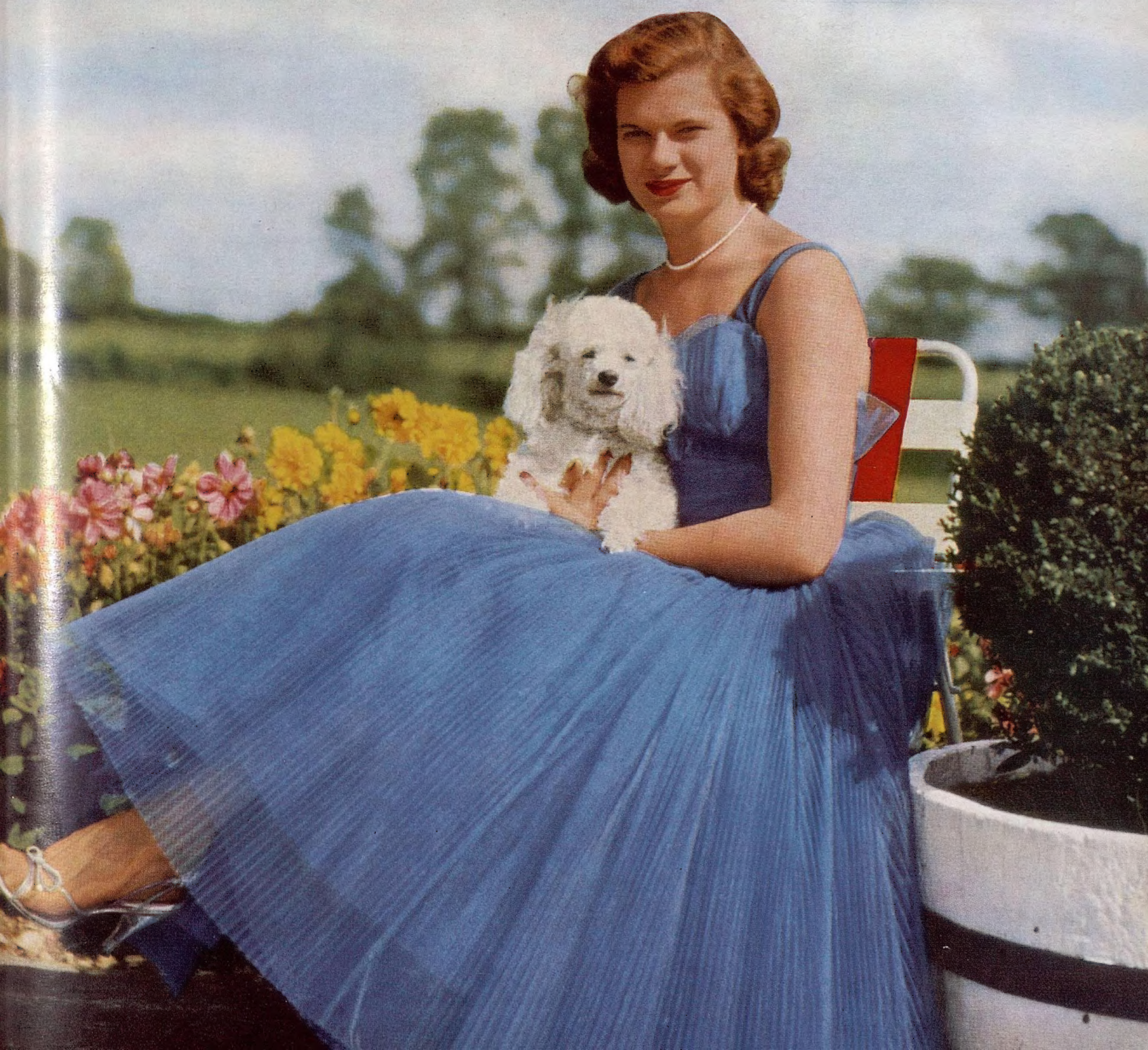


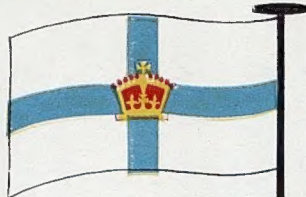
The Tatler

& BYSTANDER

DEC. 18, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS





Duck that delighted at Colombo

Menus to feast memory on. Man having dinner at Colombo. He is bound for Sydney on board a ship of the Orient Line. Meanwhile, he is laying up a store of memories... the magnificent comfort... the magnificent menus.



The Creme Dame Blanche... under the bristling shadow of the Rock... nectar in a soup tureen... grandeur standing starkly out of a darkling cobalt sea...



The Tagliatelli Verde... Naples... hot sun... flamboyant colours... green slivers of perfect pasta lavished with sauce superb... ruby-red Chianti through plaited straw...



That Duck... with green salad... a dressing surely made for Olympus... flanked by a notable hock... perfect in the heat of Colombo...



The Cheval Blanc... a truly noble wine... at the Captain's table... last night of a most well-ordered voyage... excellent service... extremely comfortable... will always recommend Orient... and am not an easy man to please...



ORIENT LINE

ENGLAND AUSTRALIA NEW ZEALAND CANADA UNITED STATES

Chief Passenger Office 26 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.
City Passenger Office 9-11 Billiter Square, London, E.C.3
or your local Travel Agent



MISS JULIA MARTINEAU is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Martineau, of Old Park, Fishbourne, Chichester; this photograph was taken in the garden of her home. Miss Martineau was presented by her mother this year, and shared a coming-out dance with her cousin, Miss Carol Martineau, at their grandmother's house. She likes flying, motor racing and ski-ing and plans to spend a holiday abroad this winter

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 18 to December 25

Dec. 18 (Wed.) Prince Philip will attend a luncheon of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Great Britain at the Connaught Rooms.

Bertram Mills Circus (to Feb. 1, 1958) at Olympia.

Carol Concert: Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall (and 20th and 21st).

Steeplechasing at Southwell.

Dec. 19 (Thu.) The Queen will attend the rededication service of the Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, and will unveil the reredos commemorating Governor Edward Winslow and the Pilgrim Fathers.

Prince Philip will attend the Annual Dinner of the Combined Cadet Force Association, at the Naval and Military Club.

Annual Children's Christmas Dance in aid of the Feathers Clubs for Boys and Girls at the Seymour Hall.

Actresses' Ball in aid of Christmas toys for the Actors' Orphanage and the Ellen Terry Bed at Gosfield Hall, at the Savoy.

Dec. 20 (Fri.) International Circus Season (to February 15, provisional date) at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Christmas Cocktail Party and Dance at Hurlingham Club.

Dance: Mrs. Michael Johnson for the coming-of-age of her son, Mr. Antony Johnson, at Sculshaw Lodge, Knutsford.

Royal National Lifeboat Institution (Chilterns' Branch) Dance at the Compleat Angler, Marlow.

Hunt Balls: North Warwickshire Hunt Ball at Shire Hall, Warwick; Whaddon Chase Hunt Ball at the Old Ride, Little Horwood; the East Devon Hunt Ball at the Rougemont Hotel, Exeter; Stevenstone Hunt Ball at the Portledge Hotel, near Bideford.

Dec. 21 (Sat.) Tom Arnold's Circus Season at Haringay Arena.

Steeplechasing at Uttoxeter.

Dec. 22 (Sun.)

Dec. 23 (Mon.) Ice revue: *Winter Wonderland* at the Empire Pool, Wembley (for six-week season).

First Night: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic.

Dec. 24 (Tue.) Christmas Eve.

Festival Ballet Company's Christmas Season (to January 11) at the Royal Festival Hall.

Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Dec. 25 (Wed.) Christmas Day.

The Queen will speak to her people on television and sound radio programmes, 3 p.m.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

POSTAGE: Inland 4d. Canada 14d. Foreign 44d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number) £3 5s., (without Christmas number) £3 1s. Three months (no extras) £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.



for those
with a taste
for the best

Regalia Assorted Chocolates
Fruit Filled Tablets
Assorted Cremes
Napolitains · Velma ·
Milka · Bittra



Suchard
CHOCOLATE

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LIMITED
Welwyn Garden City, Herts
Tel: Welwyn Garden 3344-5-6-7-8

DORNOCH HOTEL SUTHERLAND

Overlooking the sea and the Royal Dornoch Golf Courses (venue of the 1958 Scottish Professional Golf Championship). Pitch and putt course. Tennis court. Private loch fishing.

**OPENS FOR THE 1958 SEASON
23 MAY**

The Resident Manager will be happy to send full particulars.

Telephone: Dornoch 351/2

BTC/51

Winter never comes to **MALTA**

When you decide you've earned the right to take it easy for a few weeks and to get away from the smog and the damp, enjoy a vacation in sunny MALTA, THE BRITISH RIVIERA for a Mediterranean holiday in the sterling area. FLY BEA.

MALTA

Write for further details of all the attractions—
Government Information Officer,
11, Malta House, Haymarket,
London, S.W.1. Telephone: TRAFalgar 5033/4
OR THE SECRETARY, 63, Department of Information and Tourist Services, Valletta, Malta.



But . . . please don't forget the others!

There are 4,500 children in our family who also hope their wishes will come true.

Will you be their
SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Christmas fare for one child

CHRISTMAS DONATIONS gratefully received by the Secretary
CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**
(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

CALMAN LINKS

(TRADING) LTD

FURRIERS



By Appointment to
H. M. THE QUEEN
Furriers



By Appointment to
H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
Furriers

33 MARGARET STREET • CAVENDISH SQUARE • LONDON • W.1

CANDY-STRIPED CARDIGAN

in fine wool.
Grey with Sky,
Navy with Pink,
Black with Pink.

34" - 40".
£3 19s. 7d.

Post and Packing 2/-



Huppert

OF
REGENT
STREET

HUPPERT LTD., 64 REGENT STREET, W.1. (Piccadilly Circus)

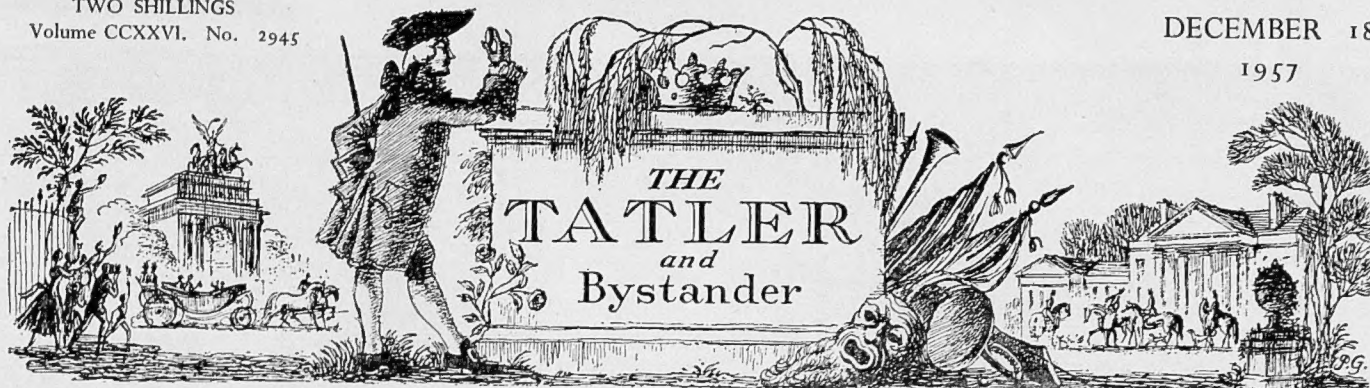
Ask for
GRANT'S
-do you?



Welcome Always —
Keep it Handy

QUEEN'S
SPORTSMAN'S *Sweet dry*

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY



Russell Sedgwick

Lady Melchett with her daughter Kerena

LADY Melchett is here seen in her lovely house in Tite Street, Chelsea, after she had attended the opening of Parliament by the Queen. She married in 1947 and has two children, the Hon. Peter Mond, nine, and the Hon. Kerena Mond, six. Lord

and Lady Melchett plan to ski with their children in January. In the summer they will go to Formentor in Majorca where they are taking a villa. Lady Melchett is a committee member of the Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre



Lady Pamela Mountbatten, the Ball President, seen dancing with Cdr. Robert de Pass



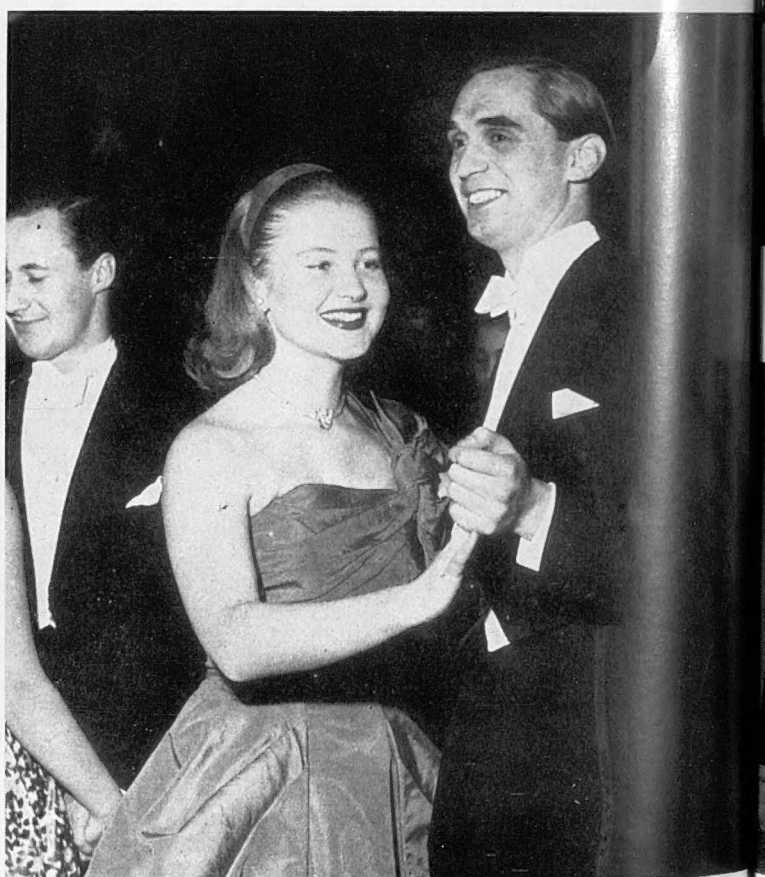
Elizabeth, Countess of Bandon, joint chairman, Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith and Mr. George Earle

EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT AT A MAYFAIR BALL

THE BALL OF THE FUTURE, held at the May Fair Hotel, was divided into two dances, one being held in the ballroom and the other, for the junior guests, in the Crystal Room. The guests were entertained by a fashion show after dinner, and by David Nixon and "Hutch"



Lady Slessor in conversation with Mr. Ewen Macpherson



Miss Isobel Mitchell was here dancing with Mr. David Simpson



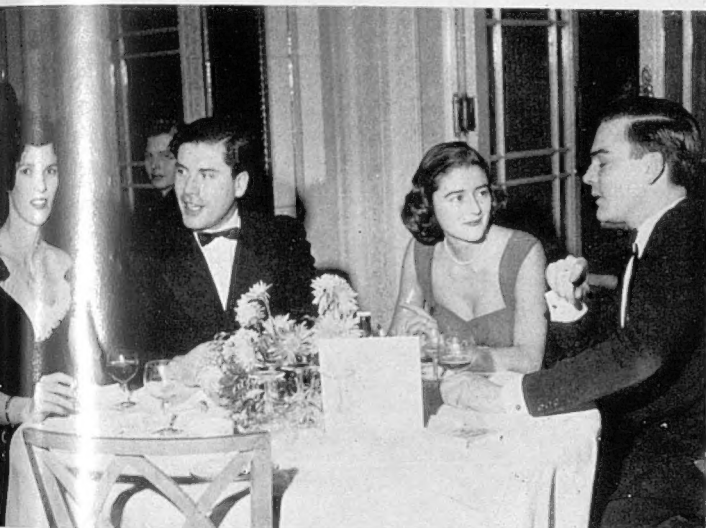
Mr. Desmond Stratton and Miss Sheila Peczenik



Miss Denia Wigram and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock



Miss Pamela Strickland-Skailes and Mr. Nicholas Gold



Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Julian Tennant, Mrs. Mark Cory-Wright and Mr. Robert MacDonald



Mr. Nigel Symons-Jones in conversation with the Hon. Sarah Fellowes



Mr. Euan Malcolmson with Mrs. Malcolmson, in a dress she wore in the fashion parade

A. V. Swaabe

AT HOME IN BERKSHIRE

RICHARD AND DORIAN GREENLY, the two younger children of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Greenly, are seen in the garden of their parents' home, Everington House Farm, near Newbury. Mr. Greenly is the younger son of the late Sir John Greenly, of Herefordshire, and Mrs. Greenly the daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Gibson



F. J. Goodman

Social Journal

Jennifer

A BALL FOR THE LIFEBOATS

THE Duchess of Kent looked very beautiful wearing a diamond tiara with a lemon satin evening dress when she attended the Lifeboat Ball at the Savoy. H.R.H. is President of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and takes the keenest interest in all its work. At the ball she sat at a round table on the edge of the dance floor with a small group of friends including the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Colonial Office and Mrs. Profumo. As guests entered they bought their lucky programmes from some of the men who crew the lifeboats, who wore their seagoing clothes.

The R.N.L.I. is, in my humble opinion, one of the best institutions in the world. The tremendous loss of life that the men of the R.N.L.I. prevent, the number of lives they save and their gallantry in all weathers without any regard to their own lives and safety, is an example to all. The Institution, which is supported entirely by voluntary funds, needs continuous financial support from all of us all over the world.

Mrs. Ian Mactaggart, consistently efficient in anything she runs, was chairman of this year's very successful ball, and on the evening, looking very attractive, had a big party with her. The vice-chairman Countess Howe was also vice-president of the junior committee who ran their own section in another slightly smaller ballroom, where Lady Frances Curzon and Miss Susan Shafto received the young guests.

THERE was also a night club, which opened at 12.45, with very clever nautical décor designed by Miss Joanna Hirsch who had worked hard at getting it put up and ready that afternoon, with the help of men of the R.N.L.I. There was an excellent cabaret by that brilliant magician George Braund and the French singer Charles Trenet, and also a masked dance with a prize for the wearer of the lucky mask, a tombola and raffles. Mrs. John Terry, the indefatigable secretary of

the Central London Branch of the R.N.L.I., was busy seeing that all ran smoothly.

Among members of the committee, many of whom were accompanied by their husbands and brought parties, I saw Mrs. Patrick Stirling, good looking in red, accompanied by her husband; they had a party including the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino, Mme. Bianchi and Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague, the latter very pretty in blue and silver brocade and wearing a pair of exquisite sapphire and diamond pear-shaped ear-rings, were in a big party with Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie, Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, the latter wearing her very pretty five-row ruby necklace with a black dress, Mr. and Mrs. George Trypanis, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hopwood, and Air Vice-Marshal and the Hon. Mrs. Somerled Macdonald.

Others I saw supporting this very good cause, for which the ball raised nearly £3,000, were Lord Huntingfield dancing energetically, Lord and Lady Stamp, Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, Princess Galitzine and Major Timothy Tufnell.

EARLIER I had been to the evening soirée at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition in the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. Here was a glittering scene of guests in their evening dress strolling about looking at the pictures. A buffet was arranged down the centre of the South Gallery and a light orchestra played soft music in the adjoining room. Lord Worsley was one of the first I saw, with his fiancée Mrs. Ann Duffin. A little farther on Viscount and Viscountess Harcourt and her very pretty sister Lady Doughty-Tichborne were with a group of friends. Sir Malcolm Sargent was in his usual scintillating form, talking to one friend after another, and at the same time managing to see the portraits. Another family group consisted of Col. Guy Heseltine with his wife and her sister Mrs. Grahame

Johnstone, who are the clever artists Anna and Doris Zinkeisen, both of whom have pictures hanging in the exhibition. What makes it even more interesting is that Anna Zinkeisen's daughter, Julia Heseltine, has inherited the family talent and also has a picture there. Others enjoying this soiree were the Earl and Countess of Dundee, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo, Major Sir Edward and Lady Ford, Mrs. Anthony Murray Smith, the Hon. Jeremy Monson, the Countess of Seafeld escorted by Mr. Peter Tunnard, Mrs. Greville Collins, Lady Audley, Mr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, the Hon. Thomas Brand and Joyce Grenfell.

THE following evening Princess Alexandra of Kent, who like her mother works hard these days fulfilling public engagements in all parts of the country, attended the Snow Ball at the Dorchester. This was held in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, and was another tremendous success. Mrs. Tom Page was once again chairman, and largely due to her initiative and drive tickets were sold out a couple of weeks before the ball, and there was a waiting list to the last moment. Finally about 650 guests enjoyed the evening, and the last I hear as I write is that Mrs. Page is hoping that her target of raising £2,000 from the evening will be reached.

Princess Alexandra sat next to Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, and in the party at this table were Lord Fairfax of Cameron and Lady Fairfax, who was deputy chairman, Earl and Countess Attlee—she was a vice-president—Miss Monica Michell, another vice-president, Sir Frederick Browning's daughter Mrs. de Zulueta and her husband, Sir Basil Tangye, Lady Moira Hamilton, the Hon. Simon Maxwell and Mr. Donald Marr. The Marchioness of Blandford, who was president of the ball, was there with the Marquess of Blandford, and they had a big party entirely of young friends. Mrs. Tom Page had another big party and among her guests were Baroness Eugene de Rothschild whose husband, like several other guests, was fog-bound in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don and Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Row. The honorary treasurer of the ball Mr. Stavros Niarchos, and his wife, had to miss it as they were in New York. Lord and Lady Chesham, Lady Rumbold, and Lady Bird were among others who brought parties.

There were a great number of young people at the ball, no doubt due to the good work of Miss Marina Kennedy who was the very efficient chairman of a big junior committee. She looked extremely pretty at the dance in a beautiful pink dress. Other young people there included Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, Miss Joanna Smithers, Mr. Malcom Burr, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, Miss Elizabeth Eaton, Miss Tessa Milne, Mr. Richard Hawkins, Miss Caroline Spicer, Miss Serena Murray and Miss Merle Ropner.

I found Countess Attlee, the Hon. John Siddeley and his wife, and Mrs. Christopher Mayson working hard at the tombola, to which there was a big rush of customers after the very good cabaret. This was given by those talented brothers Julian and Adrian Slade, who kept the whole ballroom amused with their songs and were extremely generous about encores.

EARLIER that evening I had been to the first night of the bright and amusing comedy *Paddle Your Own Canoe*, by Max Regnier, at the Criterion Theatre, which I thoroughly enjoyed, joining frequently in the infectious laughter that was heard throughout the theatre all the evening. There are many amusing lines and it is extremely well acted by a cast including Moira Lister looking very glamorous, Violet Farebrother, Newton Blick, Roy Purcell, Peter Vaughan and Nigel



COMING-OF-AGE PARTY

MRS. JOHN VIGOR gave a cocktail party for her son, Mr. Patrick Crofton (above), to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. It was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. There were upward of a hundred guests



Mr. B. D. Stanier with
Mrs. S. G. Holland



The Hon. Dr. W. Maclay,
Mrs. A. Malcolm-Scott



Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril
and Lady Douglas-Pennant



Miss Diana Kennerley was
with Mr. John Tillotson



Miss Juliet Anderson, Mr. David Mitchell Innes
and the Hon. Julian Chetwynd

Van Hallan



MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. PHRANTZES are seen leaving the Greek Cathedral in London after their wedding; the bride was formerly Miss Fanny Argenti, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Argenti

Stock. I met the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, who were among the audience, and after the final curtain went backstage where I met Lucienne Hill, who had translated and adapted the play from the original French script very cleverly, and Eleanor Fazan who has produced it so well.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH bloodstock is still a very big dollar earner and one of our most valuable assets for export. This was again very noticeable at the recent bloodstock sales held by Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket. Buyers had come from all over the world, and few, if any, went home without having acquired at least one lot. The value of bloodstock sold was over one million pounds sterling, of which £600,000 approximately was for export. Perhaps the most prolific buyer was American Mr. Rex Ellsworth, whose purchases numbered around thirty lots, and ran into many thousands of pounds. The big draws were the large consignments from the late Aga Khan's studs, and the dispersal sale of all bloodstock belonging to the late Mr. Robert Sterling Clark. These gave wonderful opportunities for existing owners of studs to strengthen their stock and for beginners to start a stud.

The top price, however, did not go to either of these studs but to Lord Derby, whose family have for generations been staunch and loyal supporters of British bloodstock. From his Stanley Estate and Stud Company, he sent up Aleutian, a beautiful young Alycidon mare in foal to the Italian miracle horse Ribot; she fetched twenty-three thousand guineas. Happily for English racing she was bought by Mr. Stanhope Joel and so will remain in this country. I had seen Aleutian in her box at the Stanley Estate stables the previous day. She really is a lovely mare. Another very beautiful mare I saw here was the Hyperion mare Jessamine, who at the sales was bought by the Anglo-Irish Agency for 15,500 guineas. The three directors of Tattersalls, Mr. Kenneth Watt, the Hon. John Coventry and the younger Mr. Michael Watt, who do a big share of the auctioneering themselves, had a very busy week, as for five days the sales began soon after nine each morning, and went on each evening until eight o'clock or later.

In the last few years they have made tremendous improvements here for the comfort of buyers and sellers, and all who attend; primarily, the large dining-room, where the catering really is good and you can get breakfast as well as lunch, tea and dinner. They have also just built a number of new loose boxes, which were already occupied and will be especially in demand for the Doncaster Sales which have been transferred to Newmarket next year, and will take place on two days only, September 3 and 4, when the stewards of the Jockey Club have very wisely arranged that there is to be no racing on either day.

Among the overseas buyers at these December sales were Americans Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Hardin, Mr. Pat O'Neill and Mr. Bill O'Neill, Mr. Norman Butler who gave 15,000 guineas for Emali, a lovely mare from the late Aga Khan's stud, Mrs. Bryce, the young Comte de Chambure from France and Mr. Eddie Taylor who is the leading owner and breeder in Canada and President of the Ontario Jockey Club. He won the Queen's Plate, the equivalent to our Derby, last June with his horse Lyford Cay, and his wife's horse Chopadette was second.

Other personalities of the racing world present included Lord Derby and his brother the Hon. Richard Stanley, the Duke of Roxburgh who is one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club this year, Sir Richard Sykes, who owns the famous Sledmere Stud, the Earl of Carnarvon and his son Lord Porchester, who both had successful sales, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and his brother Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort over from Ireland, the Hon. Jakey Astor who like his brother Lord Astor had several lots in the catalogue, and Mr. and Mrs. Robin McAlpine, who also sold several mares and foals.

I saw Col. Giles Loder, Brig. John Combe talking to Mr. "Gar" Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, who own that good filly Rich and Rare, Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy over from Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson who race under both rules, Brig. and Mrs. Willie Wyatt who sent up from their Dunchurch Stud a lovely Hyperion mare covered by the fashionable sire Court Martial, which was bought by the Anglo-Irish Agency for 9,500 guineas, and Sir Adrian Jarvis whose colt Flaneur, by Prince Chevalier, bred at his Hascombe Stud out of his famous mare Sun Princess, fetched 8,000 guineas, and was bought for Mr. Philip Godfrey of New York, who is sending it to the Blue Grass Stud farm in Kentucky.

Others at the sales included Mr. Nesbitt Waddington, Major and Mrs. Philip Gribble who have a stud in Suffolk, Capt. Darby Rogers and his son Mick over from Ireland, Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass, Major Jack Clayton and his sister Miss Jane Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Askew, Major Cyril Hall who has looked after the late Aga Khan's studs so efficiently for some years, Mr. Noel Cannon, Major Bonsor, Mr. Thomson-Jones whom I met talking to the Earl of Dunraven, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon with her trainer Mr. Jack Colling, the Hon. Robert Watson and many more I have not space to mention.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful cocktail party given by Mrs. Vigor to celebrate the coming of age of her son Mr. Patrick Crofton, at the Hyde Park Hotel. By the time I arrived Mrs. Vigor, who looked charming in black, was receiving the guests alone as her son was going round talking to their large number of guests. These included many young friends, among them Miss Rosemary Collins, Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield, Miss Sue Roskill, Miss Juliet Anderson, Mr. Billy Stainer, the Hon. Philippa and the Hon. Julie Chetwynd, Miss Diana Morley Kennerley, Mr. John Mann Thompson, and Miss Aurea Battiscombe.

Among the older friends who came along to celebrate the occasion were Lord and Lady Chetwynd, Major Rhidian and Lady Honor Llewellyn, the Countess of Cardigan, Mrs. Morley Kennerley, who is one of Patrick's godparents, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Major and Mrs. Hamish Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Van Moppes, that fine helmsman Mr. Michael Crean and his very attractive wife, who excels in the hunting field and show jumping, Brig. and Mrs. Tom Draffen, Miss Winifred Rennie, and Mrs. Charles Woods, whose daughter Diana is a débutante next season. Patrick's grandfather, Sir George Crofton, to whom he is heir, was unable to come to the cocktail party, but earlier in the day, with Lady Crofton, he had attended a family luncheon party.

★ ★ ★

THE Orchid Room at the Dorchester was crowded (but happily never overheated, thanks to air-conditioning) with guests of Miss Rosie Newman who had come to see her most recent colour film, "A Flying Visit To Yugoslavia." The hostess, who looked charming in a dark brown lace dress, has collected many thousands of pounds by showing her colour films of India, Egypt, Scotland and France; very soon she will be again showing this one for charity. I found it enchanting and instructive, a film that gave you a wonderful picture of parts of Yugoslavia and the fabulous Dalmatian coast.

Miss Newman made this film in eighteen days in the summer of 1956, when she went to stay with Sir Frank Roberts, our Ambassador to Yugoslavia then, and Lady Roberts. The trip took a lot of arranging as many permits were necessary, but finally she was not only given these but also a "Courtesy Visa" which is almost unique. Miss Newman first went to Lake Bled and high up in the Julian Alps, on to Brioni, then down to the Dalmatian coast, visiting Split and Dubrovnik. From here she went on into Montenegro and took, among others, shots of the beautiful "fjord" of the Bay of Kotor.

Among her guests who enjoyed this film and later a delicious buffet supper, were the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza looking lovely in red, and the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino, very chic in black, who came with their dinner hosts Major and

Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, who are shortly off to Majorca until the end of February. The Austrian Ambassador and Princess Schwarzenberg were there, also the Turkish Ambassador, M. Nuri Birgi, Lady Kelly whose husband Sir David Kelly, one of our former Ambassadors in Russia, was ill and could not come, Princess Galitzine, and Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, the latter wearing a lovely sable jacket over her evening dress.

A big party sitting in one row included that gay personality Lord Huntingfield, his stepdaughter Myra Lady Fox, the Countess of Middleton with Lord and Lady Killearn, Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney, and Sir Robert Craigie. Before they retired, Lord Killearn, Sir Hugh and Sir Robert had all three filled the rôles of Ambassadors in various parts of the world. I also saw the Hon. Sir John Coke, Lady George Cholmondeley looking so nice in black, the Countess of Brecknock and her mother, Mrs. Jenkins, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, Mrs. Alastair Cameron, Lord and Lady Dynevor, Sir Alan and Lady Adair, Lord Hollenden, the Countess of Munster and her sister-in-law, Lady Joan Birbeck, Mrs. Stuart Stevens, the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and his petite wife very chic in black, Lady Lyell, Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Lord Wolverton, Mr. and Mrs. Weisweiler and their daughter Mrs. Michael Wood, Mr. Bobbie Craigie, Mr. Charles Harding who runs the Trafford Galleries so well, and Señor Clemente del Camino, the well-known Spanish artist who told me he is at present painting a portrait of the lovely wife of the Moroccan Ambassador, Princess Fatima Zahara. Members of Parliament in the audience included Miss Newman's brother-in-law Sir Robert Grimston with Lady Grimston, Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Sir Alfred Bossom.

★ ★ ★

MET Mrs. Jock Whitney, the very charming and attractive wife of the United States Ambassador, at a tea party given in her honour by the American Women's Club in Queen's Gate. Among those present at this delightfully informal gathering were Mrs. Thompson-Schwab, who is President of the Club and presented many of the members to Mrs. Whitney, Lady Makins an honorary vice-president, Mrs. Boehring another vice-president, Mrs. Chapple who was busy presiding at one end of the tea table at a silver urn of coffee, Mrs. Stuart Don and Mrs. Balfour.

The latter's eighty-nine year old mother Mrs. Harris had recently given the magnificent carpet on the floor of the large drawing-room where the party was held, and a beautiful clock that was also being much admired. Unfortunately she was not able to come to the tea party. Other members present included Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Buhler, the philanthropic committee chairman, Mrs. Donald Smith, Mrs. Harp, Mrs. Willard and the Hon. Audrey Pauncefoot.

★ ★ ★

THE inside of the Greek Cathedral in Moscow Road, with clever lighting reflecting on the gold mosaic, dozens of long candles burning, and festoons of red, white and yellow flowers arranged from the roof, as well as large vases of flowers in the same colouring, made a brilliant picture on one of the foggiest evenings of this winter. This was the setting for the marriage of Mr. John Phrantzes, Counsellor of the diplomatic service of Greece, and the only son of the late Gen. A. Phrantzes and Mme. Phrantzes of Athens, to Miss Fanny Argenti, eldest daughter of Mr. Philip Argenti, honorary Cultural Counsellor to the Greek Embassy, and Mrs. Argenti. The long and impressive service, during which crowns are held over the heads of both bride and bridegroom, was solemnized by Archbishop Athenagoras, Metropolitan of Theateira and Greek Archbishop of Western and Central Europe, the Bishop of Apameia, the Archimandrite Chanasios Papaconstantinou, and the Archimandrite Dionysios Pachas.

The bride looked most attractive in a dress of cream tulle and satin with a tiered, draped skirt. A satin headdress held in place her veil of old Brussels lace. Her three pages, Neil Stewart-Richardson, Michael Mantantos, and the Hon. David Brudenel-Bruce, wore the picturesque Greek evzone costume. The two child bridesmaids, Nicola Windsor-Waite and Marina Dracoulis, and the four older bridesmaids, Miss Georgina Argenti, sister of the bride, Miss Helena Schilizzi, Grafyn Nora Trauttmansdorff, and Baronin Marie Elisabeth Matic von Warsberg, all wore dresses of pale blue nylon cut on Victorian lines with white fur headdresses. Prince Dimitri of Russia and Prince Nikolai Baltazzi-Mavrocordato were koumbaroi.

There was no reception after the service, owing to the death of Prince George of Greece. Among friends and relatives who came to the church were the bride's father, who gave her away, her mother Princess Dimitri with Princess Joan Aly Khan, Lady Killearn with the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson, the Marquess of Milford Haven, Major and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H., who was an usher, Lady Crosfield, Countess Jellicoe, the Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt and good-looking Mrs. John Clark, who came together. Also there were the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Hazlerigg, the Hon. Mrs. James Tennant, and Mrs. Magda Buchel with her son Mr. James Hay.



MELODIOUS BANQUET

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON presided over the St. Cecilia Banquet at the Savoy when Mr. Malcolm Arnold's Toy Symphony was performed for the first time. Above: Sir Stuart and Lady Wilson with Baroness Ravensdale (right)



Miss Eileen Joyce and Mr. Joseph Cooper



Sir Gilmour Jenkins and Mrs. W. Greenhouse Allt



Mr. Alderman and Sheriff A. G. Clifton-Brown, Lady Evans and Lord Evans

Van Hallan



*Mrs. Peter Cazalet with Mr. W. T. C. Smith
and Capt. H. F. Chase*



*Lady Kilmarnock and the Hon. Mrs. Rodney
Berry awaiting the guests*



*Mrs. S. Borg, Miss Greta Borg
and Miss Diana Borg*



*Mr. R. Craigie, Miss C. Whitting-
ton-Moe, Lord Kilmarnock*

CHIANTI PARTY AFLOAT

ARRANGEMENTS for the forthcoming Capri Ball were discussed at a chianti party held aboard the H.Q.S. Wellington (by permission of the Master Mariners' Company), which is moored in the Thames. Guests were received by the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, ball committee chairman, and Lady Kilmarnock, vice-chairman



*Rear Admiral and Mrs. P. V. McLaughlin
arriving at the party*



*Mr. Maurice Woodruff and Miss
Susan Sorell*



*Mrs. Anne Meyer and Mrs.
Cortlandt Bishop*



*Mrs. Christopher Oldfield and
Lady Anson*

Desmond O'Neill



Sir Dymoke White, Bt., chairman of the Hambledon Hunt Club, with his sister, Miss Woolmer White



Miss Angela Colhoun, Mr. John Carruthers, Mr. Colin Thompson and Miss Rosemary Edwards



The Hon. Mrs. H. Money-Coutts and Cdr. M. Blake



Mrs. John Corbett with Mr. R. Crosbie-Dawson



Major and Mrs. P. Pollock conversation with Mrs. Denzil Ffennell



Capt. N. Bailey, R.N. (centre), Capt. M. Tufnell, R.N., and Mrs. T. Duke

HUNT BALL IN HANTS

THE historic Guildhall in Winchester witnessed one of the earliest of the season's hunt balls, when a company of 400, including many officers of the Royal Navy who follow the pack, danced at the invitation of the Hambledon Hunt



Mr. John Miller-Stirling, Cdr. Peter Bence-Trower, Mrs. Bence-Trower, Cdr. J. Phillips and Mrs. Miller-Stirling



Wing Commander and Mrs. R. A. G. Edwards were enjoying the dancing, which went on till the early hours

Desmond O'Neill

A CHRISTMAS THEATRELAND OF GALA GAIETY

ANTHONY CRASK writes here of the exciting possibilities this year's Christmas dramatic presentations arouse, and with his wide knowledge of the theatre gives guidance to those making up their holiday programme

THERE is enough of the child left in every adult to produce a sense of something ruinously wrong with arrangements for an urban Christmas which do not include at least one visit to the theatre. The disturbed planner may assert defensively that the great days of the Christmas theatre have passed, but up starts the child in him to say that he is missing the point. It is true that this theatre shrinks and swells from period to period. There is no essential change.

My father believed that the last distillation of the basic spirit of pantomime was to be caught only at Drury Lane. My mother discovered superior charm in the characteristic grandeur of Covent Garden. As for me, I wish I could find myself again on Christmas Eve at the opening of a Melville Brothers' pantomime at the old Lyceum. Nowhere the faintest suggestion of anything that had not happened many times before, everywhere exuberant enjoyment of what was happening again. Whatever the weather a mist (perhaps it was mostly tobacco smoke) always hung about the vast auditorium of cheerful red plush and gracious curve and in the transverse lights shone the eager faces of children plainly soliciting the brush of Walter Sickert. And on the stage itself, where one year it might be Cheapside or the Court of the Queen of Hearts, this year it would be Old Baghdad, which for all its gilding and silvering was much the same thing. The Lyceum has gone, more is the pity, and this year there is only one pantomime in the heart of the West End. Yet nothing is more certain than that the scene which has taken such firm lodgment in my memory of those years ago will be repeated in all essentials at the Palladium a couple of nights before Christmas Day.

THE pantomime will be *Robinson Crusoe*, devised for Mr. V. Parnell by Mr. Robert Nesbitt. This director handling the story of the *Wonderful Lamp* in the same theatre last year startled the orthodox. He swept away the prescriptive right of a girl to play Aladdin and replaced the Principal Boy with the perky street Arab of Mr. Norman Wisdom. It was an innovation which thoroughly justified itself, but it is unlikely that Mr. Nesbitt, having had his doubtless irrepressible claustrophobic fling, will venture a further step into revolution this year. Mr. Arthur Askey is there to exert a conservative influence. A dainty dame in *Humpty-Dumpty* last year, Mr. Askey will no doubt be no less dainty as Big-Hearted Martha who runs the pirates' outfitting store in *Robinson Crusoe*. The intrepid Crusoe, played by Mr. David Whitfield, is going to be tested even more severely than usual. A "lost civilization of the Incas," discovering itself in the midst of his island, has terrors all its own, to say nothing of some stunning spectacular possibilities. Mr. Tommy Cooper is there with his comic conjuring to reinforce Mr. Askey's comedy.

Ice shows in recent years have become a highly important part of the Christmas theatre. I was enormously impressed with *Cinderella On Ice* at the Empire Pool, Wembley, and watching the swiftly and smoothly changing combination of colour and movement I wondered if this kind of show could not fairly be called the democratic successor to the great Jacobean masque. *Cinderella* is to be followed this year by *Winter Wonderland*. Miss Pat Gregory, an Australian who was seen at the Pool in 1950, is a chief skater; and if the show is anything like as good as was its predecessor I shall make it my business to see it.



Joan Hyldoft, an ice-skating star who is well known in America, makes her first appearance in this country in "Winter Wonderland," a new ice show at the Empire Pool, Wembley



Columbine and Harlequin are to be seen in the traditional Harlequinade in "Pantomimeteater" at the Prince's, a century-old entertainment from the Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen



The London Palladium pantomime is "Robinson Crusoe." Arthur Askey is the Dame



Margaret Lockwood will be the ever-youthful Peter Pan when she reappears in the play, in which she last acted in 1950. "Peter Pan" is at the Scala

The Players Theatre naturally work on a smaller scale than either the Palladium or the ice rinks, but their annual Victorian pantomimes have earned themselves a nice little reputation. This year they are reviving *King Charming* (or *The Blue Bird of Paradise*) by J. R. Planché. This was last seen in London in 1850 when the great Madame Vestries played the heroine. There are, of course, other pantomimes to be flushed in the suburbs, notably *Puss In Boots* at Streatham Hill and *Goody-Two-Shoes* at Golders Green; and a roll call of the country would even now, in the day of the provincial theatre's sad decline, make a fairly complete collection of the old, the magical titles.

For the children there is plenty so see this Christmas. Yet I cannot altogether resist the feeling that they are suffering a little from the reaction that has followed the over-pampering of their parents when they were young. Victorian children had usually to take pot luck with the grown-ups. But stage territory captured a single flying leap by the triumphant Peter Pan in the first years of the century was so vigorously extended that by the thirties children had what was virtually a theatre of their own. There is no answering hail this year from any of the heroes or villains of that theatre. Where is Alice, where is Mr. Toad, where is John Silver, where are Alice, Thomas and Jane, where is the boy Who Lost His Temper and what has happened to George? Yes, there is one answering hail, the never failing Cock-a-doodle-o of Peter Pan. Miss Margaret Lockwood is Peter again and her daughter, Julia, is Wendy. Captain Hook has for the first time to submit to the disgrace of being played by a fellow old toman, Mr. Michael Warre. For the younger children there is a revival of Miss Enid Blyton's *Noddy In Toyland*, which mixes its human and animal characters with that grave logic of fantasy which is immediately acceptable to the mind of childhood and at the same time ensures that there is plenty of movement (including kidnapping) and any amount of falling over and bonkings on the head. The two leading children are Colin Spaul and Gloria Johnson, and among the grown-up actors are Mr. Peter Elliott, Mr. Bobbie Kerrigan and Mr. Leslie Sarony.

For those who enjoy mime there is the *Pantomimeteater* from Copenhagen which is at the Prince's Theatre from December 18. This is the true harlequinade, having arrived in Denmark in the eighteenth century and settled into the Tivoli Gardens more than a hundred years ago. Others will be equally pleased with the revival at Sadler's Wells of Humperdinck's *Hansel And Gretel*.

And for children as well as for adults there is the chance to see Sir John Gielgud in *The Tempest* produced by Mr. Peter Brook at Drury Lane. Sir John leads the excellent Stratford Memorial Theatre company and himself presents the considered view of Prospero at which he has arrived after several different readings at various stages of his career. For the same audiences there will be *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic. And at the private Arts Theatre an adaptation by Mr. Nicholas Stuart Gray of Hans Andersen's *New Clothes For The Emperor*.

Of course, there will be some who will demand to be taken to something lively and bright and not at all headsearching. For them I suggest one of the several entertainments, musicals and revues that, mostly home-grown, are now pleasing wide



This scene showing Noddy being tried, unjustly, for knocking down trees is one of the incidents from "Noddy In Toyland" at the Prince's Theatre, matinees only

audiences. The longest runner and still that with the most style is *The Boy Friend* which mocks with a lover's delight the musical comedies of the twenties. Next in line are the two Slade-Reynolds shows—*Salad Days* (Vaudeville) with its four-year run and new cast, and this year's delicate *Free As Air* (Savoy). Brassier and breezier is the blonde film star parody, *Grab Me A Gondola* at the Lyric, which is put across with a splendid flow of energy. Of revues the long running *For Amusement Only* at the Apollo is still as witty as anything in London, while *Share My Lettuce* at the Comedy for the moment successfully carries on the allusive, inconsequential, off-beat humour originated by *Cranks* a season or two ago.

Circus fans are as well looked after as ever before. To Olympia comes Bertram Mills's circus, and its arrival, which this year is on December 18, is commonly regarded as the official opening of the Christmas season of entertainment. Three days later Tom Arnold's International Circus opens at Haringay Arena and the hum of knowledgeable circus talk rises to its peak.



Twelve polar bears from the Munich Theatre will this year appear in Tom Arnold's Haringay circus under the direction of their woman trainer Doris Arndt



REGENT STREET has in the past few years made itself exceedingly attractive for shoppers at Christmas. This year it has multi-coloured balloons with gondolas suspended along the thoroughfare, as shown here, and spotlit at night

Roundabout

TALKING TO STRANGERS

Maurice Richardson

How do you feel about what Americans call impromptu social intercourse? Another attempt to break down British reserve is being made by a new Society for Talking to Strangers. Its members wear badges to show they invite conversations in trains. Worthy, no doubt. And seasonable, of course. Yet I doubt if they will make much progress.

Despite the spread of the instantaneous use of Christian names, it still requires some dramatically unusual situation to get the natives to overcome their habitual self-consciousness. The Blitz was the last time everybody began talking to everybody in the street and it was remarkable how quickly they dropped the habit as soon as life returned to normal. Regrettable, but understandable, I suppose. For the average timid or reserved person there are so many potential dangers: the bore, the loony, the nuisance, the crook. And why bother to start an acquaintance which you have no intention of following up?

That seems to be a majority point of view. However much I deplore it, for in theory I am all in favour of conversations with strangers, I must admit that most of those I have had in trains in this country, apart from the ones with Americans who are excepted as naturals, have been disappointing.

A few eccentric encounters stand out. There was the Indian schoolboy whose suitcase turned out to contain a swarm of bees. And, years ago, a promising bearded paranoiac who got out at Reading complaining of a plot to prevent him from marrying into the Royal Family. And there was the nun who suddenly swore in a deep bass voice and jumped up and pulled the communication cord when the train failed to stop at Wilton. I should like to have known a lot more about her.

In general, I feel that intensive stranger-cultivation is probably better left to some matey-er social environment, such as Australia. There, when you enter the hotel dining-room for the first time, the waitress takes you by the arm, asks you your Christian name, and introduces you to everybody else by theirs: "Boys, meet Morry. Morry, this is Sid, Bert, Tom, Len and Joe. And now it's your turn to take me to the pictures."

★ ★ ★

I AM still shattered by an appalling family tragedy, minor, perhaps, but singularly nerve-racking. For the last weekend of her day-school term, it was my daughter's turn to have Benny the hamster, the officially countenanced form pet, to stay. This is the school's idea of encouraging responsibility. He arrived on Friday evening. An engaging little rodent, he seemed in good health and spirits, though rather wheezy. On Saturday afternoon he was found dead on the floor of his cage with a cornflake between his teeth. A stroke, no doubt. I afterwards discovered that he had already passed the normal expectation of hamster-life which is between two and three. The crisis was frightful.

Unthinkable to send the child back on Monday morning with a corpse. She would be branded for ever. A live substitute or ringer, to use the racing term, had to be found. But where? Harrods was shut on a Saturday afternoon, ditto the Army and Navy Stores. I telephoned the Rodent House at the Zoo and they advised me to try the Regent Pet Stores in Camden Town. Mercifully they were open and well stocked. I dashed there in a taxi, taking the body of poor Benny as a pattern. The hamsters, swarms of them, were huddled together in a state of semi-hibernation packed tight as potted delicatessen. The nearest match we could find, price 7s. 6d., was a bit small but perfect for



Lady Heald, chairman of the R.C.N. appeals committee, with Lady Gloria Flower



Earl Attlee greeted by Countess Cadogan, chairman, and Earl Granville, hon. treasurer



A. V. Swaabe

A meeting to arrange a "My Fair Lady" performance for the Royal College of Nursing

coat colour. Benny No. 1 was given Christian cardboard-box burial. Benny No. 2 was christened, not without a narrow escape from his godmother, the cat, and safely tucked up for the night.

THE pet stores were doing a brisk Christmas trade, with budgerigars in the lead, then the usual homely lines, puppies and kittens, but hamsters retain their popularity, and are selling at the rate of a hundred and more a week. The surprise item this year is the baby alligator. There is a positive boom in these at 35s. each. Compared to this an iguana seems a bargain at 15s., but you will need a cage with an infra-red lamp for him.

Long may the Regent Pet Stores flourish! Pet stores, of which here used to be many more, are nostalgic institutions for middle-aged Londoners. I remember Chapman's in the Tottenham Court Road, where Woolworths now stands, and where after a night out I once so nearly bought an adorable baby rang-utang.

I even remember, though actually only by repute, the famous Jamrachs in the East End, which did a big trade in exotic tropical fauna with sailors who would then lurch off to spend the price of a couple of yards of boa-constrictor in the tews of Ratcliff Highway. It was from Jamrachs that all the friends of Victorian and Edwardian thriller fiction used to buy their hamadryads and black widows.

★ ★ ★

THE current increase in the cost of telephoning reminds me of a peculiar hazard sometimes met with in Bohemia, or among the lower age groups, where irresponsibility is rife. This is the young friend who prosecutes his long distance love affairs on your telephone. He is often so punctilious in other respects, so perfectly house-trained that you think nothing of lending him your

flat for the weekend. Everything is in perfect order when you come back. It is only when the next telephone bill comes in with the staggering item of £67 worth of calls to Baghdad that you realize what he has been up to. The explanation is piteous and moving in the extreme. The cheque when you get it may or may not bounce. Such an experience is rare, fortunately, but quite unforgettable.

OTHER people's problems: "A necklace was broken during an amorous struggle. One third of the pearls fell to the ground, one fifth stayed on the couch, one sixth was found by the girl, and one tenth recovered by her lover; six pearls remained on the string. Say of how many pearls the necklace was composed."

This rather unusually gaily worded conundrum in elementary algebra comes from *Lilawati*, a Hindu treatise on mathematics and general theology written in the eighth century A.D. The Hindu schoolmasters, it seems, used to mix philosophy, religion and sex instruction with cheerful indiscriminination. Parents confronted with the Michaelmas term's reports may wonder whether a similar approach might help with the difficult maths-learner.

Certainly there flourished at the turn of the century a famous university crammer, now dead, who specialized in forcing the backward sons of peers and millionaires through their responsions into Oxford, so that they might get a final polish with the Bullingdon. "How in God's name," the Duke would inquire, amazed, "did you ever manage to get poor Dumb-Crambo to learn as much Latin as that?" The crammer mumbled some pious platitudes about arousing the dear boy's interest. It was only after his death that they discovered his secret: a specially prepared set of pornographic texts.



BRIGGS



by Graham



Miss Tessa Milne showing a trophy to Mr. D'Arcy Stevens

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AT SNOW BALL

THE ANNUAL SNOW BALL, held in the presence of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra at the Dorchester, was organized in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind incorporating the United Appeal for the Blind. Above: the ballroom at midnight with the festivity well under way

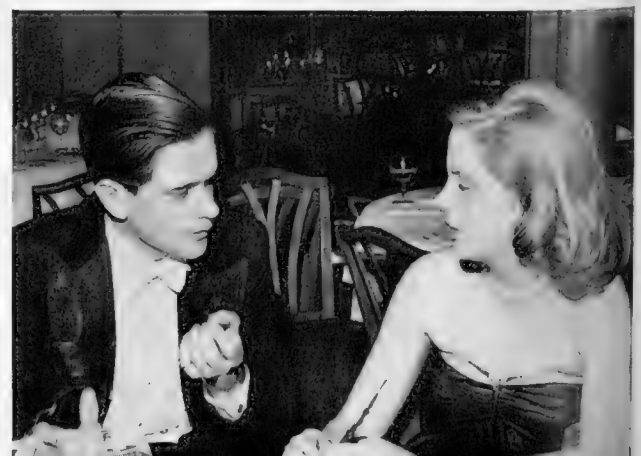


Mrs. David Gow talking to Mr. Robert Barbour

Mr. Denys Reed in conversation with Miss Merle Ropner



Mr. Michael Macleod in conversation with Miss Sandra Maynard at the ball





Miss Julia Gillett dancing with Mr. Francis Aglionby



H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent with the Marchioness of Blandford, Ball President, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick Browning



Baroness Catherine Van Den Branden De Reeth and Mr. Brian Marber

The Marquess of Blandford and Miss Jane Hamilton



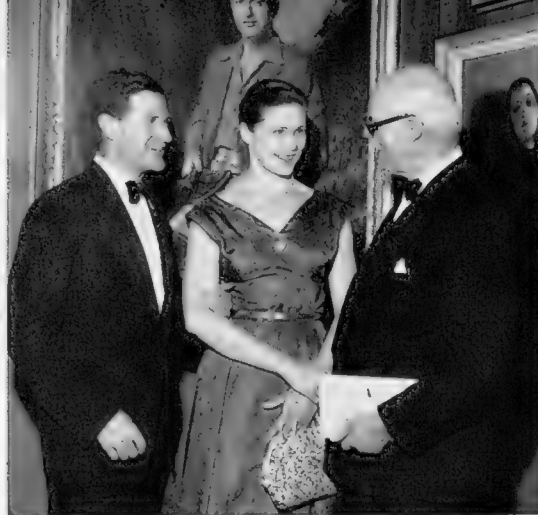
Miss Joanna Smithers and Mr. Malcolm Burr won a brace of pheasants



Miss Carolyn Bennett in conversation with Mr. Chris Cobb



The Hon. Mrs. J. Monson, Mrs. H. Brooke, the Hon. John Monson



Mr. and Mrs. T. McPherson with Mr. A. Egerton-Cooper



The Earl and Countess of Dundee looking at some pastels

Priscilla in Paris

STRANGE HEADGEAR ON ST. CATHERINE'S DAY

IT was a particularly Novemberish day. Grey, muggy and drizzly, the streets were dirty because the scavengers had not thought fit to scavenge that morning, the daily press was more pessimistic than usual, petrol had gone up again—milk as well!—there was a dearth of taxis and the motor buses were in every direction, *complet!* Even under the well-lit arcades of the rue de Rivoli, where the windows of the trinket shops are so gay with their enchanting but rather useless wares, it was as horrible as any other city in a gloomy mood. But no other city could, so suddenly, have produced a small crowd of midinettes, all crowned with strange millinery, trotting so happily along the grimy pavements.

It was Saint Catherine's fête day when the twenty-five year old sempstresses celebrate their spinsterhood with fun, feasting and dressing-up. They carried precious, ribbon-tied packages from a nearby famous *pâtissier* and were evidently returning to their workshop to enjoy, not the "cuppa" dear to their British sisters, but a glass of *porto*, no doubt supplied by the nearest grocer. These children hardly belonged to the world of *la haute couture*, but they inspired me to slip round the corner to the rue St. Florentin where, *chez Patou*, the day would be celebrated with greater distinction. I was disappointed; none of the personnel seemed to have reached the ripe age of twenty-five!

At Lanvin's and Griffe's the fun, feasting and dressing-up was all that tradition demands. The tubular dresses that expressed *la mode* of those years when waists were worn where hips are usually found, prevailed. Today's one piece sack frocks have points of contact with those of the past, exception made of course for the entire absence of waist and, as the French say, *les absents ont toujours tort!* All the young people looked charming, even those who wore top-heavy, intricate "bonnets" in the greenery-yallery hues that Saint Catherine—who must have been a tasteless wench—imposes. As elderly onlookers somewhat ruefully reflected "one can wear anything when one is in the early twenties!"

EXACTLY on time to provide Christmas presents, the literary prizes of the year are being distributed. Next week the coveted Goncourt laurels will crown someone's blushing brow; but meanwhile the Prix Femina goes to Christian Maigret for his thrilling but sombre novel *Le Carrefour Des Solitudes*. The erudite ladies of the

Femina jury, who hold their deliberations at the Interallié Club where they enjoy an excellent lunch—voting does not seem to spoil their appetite—before putting the competitors out of their misery, kept two of them on tenterhooks; Claire Saint-Soline ran Maigret a close second but Mme. Simone and Mme. Germaine Beaumont, two of the most influential members of the jury, were both authoritative and eloquent and their arguments prevailed.

A few evenings later Christian Maigret was celebrating on board the *Coch d'Eau*, where it is so pleasant to dine. The chef presents an excellent menu, the service is deft, the searchlights pick out the monuments of Paris, clothing them with silver as one steals down the river—a pleasant way of seeing the city after dark. Many writers were dining there that night. Jean Fayard, the author of *Oxford And Margaret*; Tristan Remy who wrote *Faubourg Saint-Antoine* and whose stories of the "Big Top" are so poignant; Jean Barreyre and Serge Veber, the dramatist and vice-president of the Société des Auteurs.

ONE of the merriest tables was the one at which Cynda Glenn was hostess. Paris adores this gorgeous redhead from the States who now comes over here too rarely. She has been playing in Jacques Becker's film *Montparnos 19* that Henri Jeanson has adapted from Michel Georges-Michel's somewhat dated thirty-something year old novel *Les Montparnos*. There have been all the usual squabbles between the author and the adaptor, but the result ought to make a good story. Gérard Philippe plays the part of the great painter Modigliani; Lili Palmer, Anouk Aimé and Denise Vernac, who so often partnered the late Erich von Stroheim, form an all-star cast and Cynda Glenn, in an incidental rôle, often steals the show with her high spirits, her amusing accent and seductive personality.

She has been staying with Denise Vercors at the Château de Maurepas, where Stroheim passed the last years of his life. It was there that he wrote the two volumes of his last book: *Les Feux De La Saint-Jean* and there that, a few months before his death, the film world came down from Paris to be present at his decoration with the Legion of Honour.



F. J. Goodman
Mlle. EMMELINE de WALDNER, the eldest daughter of Baron and Baronne Geoffroy de Waldner, was educated in England

• Edith Piaf, on her return from New York, tells us of the advertisement she saw informing patrons that: "The cellars of St. Germain des Près will be found on the twenty-seventh floor!"



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
DEC. 18,
1957
695*



LOOKING AT PORTRAITS

THE ANNUAL EVENING PARTY of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters was held at the R.I. Galleries in Piccadilly, and attended by several hundred guests, including many artists. Above: The Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe and Lady Seafield

Maurice Codner and Mr. James Gunn, R.S.P.P. President, greeting Viscountess and Viscount Tenby



Desmond O'Neill

Above: Miss H. Marsden-Smedley, Mr. G. Ledward, Mr. Basil Marsden-Smedley, Mr. M. Bradshaw. Right: Mr. M. Avelin, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Partridge, Mrs. M. W. Severne





At the Theatre

FARCE ON A DELICATE THEME

ONE of the mysterious things about the theatre is that playwrights eager to break a little new ground almost invariably find that they are telepathically linked with rivals all over the world. Someone else is sure to have hit on the same idea at roughly the same time. Miss Lesley Storm thought it would be nice for a change to write a comedy about a Scottish laird's desire for an heir and the unwillingness of his wife, already the mother of many daughters, to go on indefinitely trying her luck. *Roar Like A Dove* made a pleasing little job of the rather out-of-the-way subject, and that, we thought, was that.

But since then the having of babies looks like becoming the season's big recurring topic. It is used by Miss Judy Holliday in her new film *Full Of Life*, and *The Tunnel Of Love* at Her Majesty's is about a couple who want a child and only get one after much trouble with an adoption agency.

LOVE in the theatre is usually the excuse for talking about something else, but the novel of the same name by Mr. Peter de Vries on which this play is based tackles the conjugal problem pretty directly. So does the play, though inevitably, as experience tells us, the time comes for the play to start talking about adultery.



Miss McCracken (Barbara Hicks), an intensely severe and very brisk social worker

While the comedy is still turning on the hopes and anxieties of the childless couple it is Mr. Ian Carmichael who almost single-handedly holds it to the stage. He presents a normally cheerful and engaging husband who is gradually developing a deep sense of inadequacy. Nothing is going right with his life. He is failing as a comic draughtsman and hears that his best friend across the way, an advertising executive, would rather buy his funny captions than the not so funny drawings that go with them. He is head over ears in love with his wife, but their happiness plainly depends on the filling of a cradle which stands obstinately empty. He sustains himself on wisecracks and Martini's and the dogged determination to get through sooner

"THE TUNNEL OF LOVE" (Her Majesty's). The difficulties in America of adopting children are thoroughly probed when Augie Poole (Ian Carmichael, second from right) and his wife (Barbara Murray, extreme right) decided to adopt one. The winsome social worker (Dilys Laye, centre) helps him; and before he knows where he is, Augie is adopting his own baby. His Don Juan of a neighbour (William Franklyn, left) and his wife (second from left) with a loving eye for Augie look on with great amusement. Drawings by Glan Williams

or later the complicated process of the American adoption laws. He finds his friend across the way and his all too progenitive wife a pain in the neck. The fellow has no morals and a mistress for every day of the week. He is for ever recommending the nervous husband to go about the world more. At least he might lose that painful sense of inadequacy that is beginning to get him down.

POOR Mr. Carmichael is much the worse for wear when the lady from the adoption society calls to investigate his fitness as a foster parent. There is every reason why he should not recognize the social worker in the smashing blonde of Miss Dilys Laye.

The visitor has no difficulty at all in crushing the crude advances of the professional Don Juan from over the way. Nor has she any hesitation in deciding that as a foster parent Mr. Carmichael leaves much to be desired. But the Don Juan is right. A light has showed in her eyes. It was not for him: then for whom did the light shine? It has indeed shone for the hapless Mr. Carmichael. The masterful Swedish blonde frightens her chosen victim into infidelity.

THE wild escapade helps to remove the hero's sense of inadequacy, but puts in its place a horrid growing sense of guilt. We are thus left with a last act of admirable straightforward farce. The husband finds himself adopting his own flesh and blood and the wife has plenty of leisure to observe how alike adoptive child and adoptive father are and to draw the obvious conclusion. Mr. Carmichael, who has kept going throughout the evening with a fine show of comic stamina, finishes with a strong spurt. Everything—or nearly everything—has depended on him. Miss Laye plays the masterful Swedish seductress with attractive assurance. Miss Barbara Murray is flutteringly foolish as the childless wife.

Mr. William Franklin and Miss Charlotte Mitchell as the over-helpful neighbours do their conventional stuff with agreeable competence, and Miss Barbara Hicks serves as a social worker whose intense severity is shattered occasionally with a madly hysterical see-sawing. Mr. Robert Morley is the director, and he wisely decided to let Mr. Carmichael have his head, even though this meant turning what was originally a comedy into a farce.

—Anthony Cookman



Houston Rogers



GREEK LEGEND AS MODERN COMEDY

BENN LEVY has taken the theme of his latest comedy *The Rape Of The Belt* (Piccadilly Theatre) from one of the Labours of Hercules. John Clements, who presents the play with Robert Morley and Robin Fox, is seen (left) with Constance Cummings as a Queen of the Amazons. Above, Richard Attenborough (playing his first costume role), as Theseus, in a scene with Kay Hammond as Hippolyte (the other Amazon Queen) whose girdle it is the aim of Hercules to secure



Mrs. Anthony Egerton, Lady Barbara Bossom and Mr. Anthony Egerton at the lucky dip

Mrs. Profumo and Mr. John Profumo, M.P., taking a ticket for the tombola



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
Dec. 18,
1957
698*



TO HELP SAVE LIFE AT SEA

THE LIFE-BOAT BALL, held at the Savoy in aid of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, was attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, who is seen above with Mrs. Ian Mactaggart (left), chairman of the ball, Mme. Mendoza, wife of the Cuban Ambassador, H.E. the Cuban Ambassador, Dr. Roberto Mendoza, and Mrs. John Profumo



Mr. Ronald Flower and Lady Gloria Flower



Mrs. David Wilkinson and Mr. D. Riley-Smith

The Hon. Michael Spring-Rice and Miss Susan Hampshire giving a demonstration of rock and roll





Mme. Mendoza in conversation with Mr. Seymour Egerton



The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
Dec. 18.
1957
699



The Hon. Mrs. S. D. Macdonald receiving a prize from Miss Rhona Muirhead, R.N.L.I. secretary

Miss Susan Mitchell and Mr. Beresford White trying their luck at the hoop-la stall

A. V. Swaeh

Mm G. Pelosi and Rear Admiral George Ross

Miss Antonia Colville and Capt. David Clegg

Mr. Richard Bruzner-Randall and Miss Merle Ropner studying a map of life-boat stations



At the Pictures

FALL FROM INNOCENCE



ALEC GUINNESS who, in *Barnacle Bill*, plays the multiple roles of a modern sea captain and his six seagoing ancestors, is seen as Great Grandfather Ambrose at the Battle of Trafalgar



PERRI, a fascinating female pine squirrel, is the debonair heroine of Walt Disney's real-life animal film of the same name

FERNANDEL plays Senechal and Nadia Gray the princess in a delicious comedy, *His Greatest Role*, the story of a trickster



THE only excuse the French cinema could possibly advance for making *The Market In Women* is that it was designed to warn very young girls of the existence of the white slave traffic, South American brothels and dope rings. As our very young girls are unlikely to benefit from this warning, as the Censor's "X" Certificate debars them from seeing the film, there seems little or no excuse for importing it. Certainly a picture dealing exclusively with vice and violence is a rather odd choice as Christmas entertainment: I don't imagine it will be yours.

Two French maidens, innocent to the verge of imbecility, are lured into jobs at a Paris night club—Josette (Mlle. Agnes Laurent) as a bartender's assistant and Vera (Mlle. Daniela Roca) as a singing guitarist. They are easily persuaded that they would do better for themselves in South America and, starry-eyed, are shipped off—in the company of an experienced prostitute (Mlle. Pascale Roberts).

On arrival at a South American port they are met by Bettina (Mlle. Renée Cosino)—“a night-club queen and rather obscene” as Mr. Coward once said—who introduces them to their new boss, a white slaver and dope-ring leader. As they are not quite the type for his purposes they are beaten up, raped and dispatched to a low-class licensed brothel outside which prospective customers lounge in a queue (a pretty sight, I must say).

They are rescued by a mysterious Mr. John (M. Georges Marchal) who appears to be in cahoots with the gangsters but is actually attached to the Narcotics Branch of Interpol—as if you hadn't guessed. Through his good offices they are lodged in a clinic run by The Young Girls' Protection Society—the female president of which is so handy with a gun that when the gangsters and their hired assassins raid the clinic, she and Mr. John are able to bump off the whole boiling.

“That doesn't solve the girls' problem,” says Mme. la Presidente, laying her weapon aside—but Mr. John has apparently lost interest: he is, after all, essentially “Narcotics Branch.” In case you might have forgotten what the problem is, M. Maurice Cloche, directing, hustles his camera back to the nauseating brothel—to end on the most sordid note a film that is very nearly as silly as it is squalid.

AN Italian offering, *Girl In A Bikini* directed by Signor Dino Risi, gives a bevy of buxom Roman misses a chance to parade in the briefest of bathing-wear. Signorina Marisa Allasio is, if I may so phrase it, the most outstanding of them. Two strapping youths, the Signori Maurizio Arena and Renato Salvatori, who pilfer from their parents and never do a stroke of work, pursue her hotly—with a great deal of noise and gesticulation in the Italian manner.

Signorina Allasio eventually goes off with a Signor Ettore Manni, whose method of wooing entails some brisk face-slapping. Each of the two discarded youths consoles himself with the thought that the other has a pretty little fifteen-year-old sister, readily accessible (since they are tenement neighbours) and pining for attention. I don't know what the age of consent is in Italy, but no doubt Signor Risi does, so I suppose it's perfectly all right, really. The Censor must think so: he has given the picture a “U” Certificate.

The two films above reviewed were shown to me on the same day; I was so sated with sex that I could turn with a feeling of relief to the contemplation of a comedy from Lord Rank's studios—even one starring Mr. Norman Wisdom, whom I don't consider particularly funny, and directed by Mr. John Paddy Carstairs, who, though undeniably gifted, has never succeeded in making “the little man” credible.

This is not entirely Mr. Carstairs's fault. Mr. Wisdom, clad in his absurdly skimpy suit and that old cap worn awry Jackie Coogan fashion, is a noticeably odd figure who should surely be surrounded by others equally—or almost equally—unreal. No script in which Mr. Wisdom is flanked by conventional characters, unmoved by his bizarre appearance and behaviour,



BELINDA LEE as Virginia Trill is seen with the young Dauphin (Richard O'Sullivan) and Sir Frederick Venner (Terence Longdon) in *Dangerous Exile*, a romantic adventure story

JANE POWELL and Tommy Noonan sing and dance "We Gotta Keep Up With The Joneses," a breezy number from the new American musical comedy *The Girl Most Likely*

can satisfy anybody who remembers the old silent comedies—and Mr. Carstairs and his star have always been handicapped by this sort of script.

As I anticipated, *Just My Luck*, though it suffers from the usual shortcomings, is morally blameless. Unless you have a strong prejudice against betting, you can safely take the children to it. Mr. Wisdom is this time employed by a Bond Street firm of jewellers, by whom he is sent to a bookmaker's offices to deliver a diamond necklace to the charming and efficient secretary (Miss Delphi Lawrence) who knows more about the business than her feckless boss (Mr. Leslie Philips). Mr. Wisdom tells her he is longing to give his girl friend (Miss Jill Dixon) a similar diamond necklace—but, of course, has no means of raising the money.

MISS LAWRENCE encouragingly suggests that an accumulator bet might do the trick. Mr. Wisdom steals the initial pound from his mother (Miss Marjorie Rhodes)—and backs a jockey named Eddie Diamond to win in six races at Goodwood.

Five times the jockey romps home first—but his final mount, known as Old Caspar, is confidently tipped as a certainty to come in last. Mr. Wisdom, who stands to win over thirty-thousand on the final race, learns that if he can persuade the owner to "scratch" Old Caspar he will still be well in pocket.

The owner, an eccentric old lady—Miss Margaret Rutherford, of course—refuses to withdraw Old Caspar—but, on meeting Mr. Wisdom's fiancée, comes over romantic and gives the couple the horse to do as they please with. Mr. Wisdom, never doubt it, ends up a winner.

—Elsbeth Grant



Book Reviews

THE DECAY OF COMFORT

C. H. B. KITCHIN's **Ten Pollitt Place** (Secker & Warburg, 15s.) is decidedly a novel about transition—that social state we are now in, in which people seem to be passing each other on the stairs, those from below on their way up, those from above on the way down. The house which gives the story its title is opened, for our fascinated gaze, like a doll's-house: front unhooked and swung back, so that one may see what is happening on every floor. And much *is* happening: drama has been produced by the division of a formerly single residence into flats, lived in by diverse personalities. And from a second-floor window stares a symbolic figure: old Miss Tredennick, whose fate it is to remember Pollitt Place in quite other days.

One could not have a better subject for Mr. Kitchen, whose unlikeness to the disheartened ex-novelist on the ground (or hall entrance) floor of 10 Pollitt Place could not, happily, be more marked. Poor Justin Bray, surviving not without courage among his *bibelots*, entertaining to tea faded titled ladies, is slowly facing the fact that his day is over—his art has fixated itself on a vanished past which fewer and fewer readers now care to hear of.

MR. KITCHIN, on the other hand, strides zestfully through the cold, windy world of change, breathing in lungfuls. He may not *like* what is happening, as a civilized man, but he decidedly gains from it as a novelist. Also, as you'll recall, this same Mr. Kitchen from time to time has given us brilliant, absorbing detective stories: *Ten Pollitt Place* brings into play his gift for minutely recording human behaviour, in which "a clue" may be present at any turn.

Late-Regency Pollitt Place forms part of a once impeccable region of Kensington (we are given its location almost exactly) Lower middle class Robert Fawley, tenant of No. 10's first floor would hardly, once, have qualified as a denizen. Several degrees more out of the local picture is the lady lodger in the house opposite, whose ostentatious nocturnal comings-and-going cause Miss Tredennick to have a stroke. Mrs. Fawley, a cut above Mr. Fawley (a fact she continues to grind into him), frequents a vast nearby fashionable shop, lunches alone in its restaurant and reads Swinburne. In No. 10's basement dwell Mrs. Muller, Miss Tredennick's housekeeper, and her two growing-up children—Magda, who is having a conscience stricken affair with Mr. Fawley, and fearful Hugo, who is in love with the dustman.

Such is the lay-out; the story I will not spoil for you! *Ten Pollitt Place*, from page to page, held me spellbound. The enticing bookjacket—whose work?—is "out" as to one particular: the house should be only two windows wide, not three.

★ ★ ★

LETITIA BALDRIDGE's book **Roman Candle** (Robert Hale, 21s.) is sub-titled "The Life of an Embassy Social Secretary." Miss Baldrige, "Tish" to her many friends, was not, however, merely *an* embassy social secretary; she worked for and with Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce for a great part of that lady's term in Rome. During those years, the United States Embassy in the Eternal City was spotlighted by considerable publicity—even that, it seems, was never enough to satisfy world-wide curiosity. Mrs. Luce was not only Rome's first lady ambassador; she is "news" whatever she does, wherever she goes. Miss Baldrige, for whom temptation could have been great, writes with an admirable discretion—which does not, I'm glad to say, mean she's forced to be dull. Anything but! Her story, though loyal from first to last, does not lose anything in the telling.

The Baldrige family is, this daughter tells us, endowed both with confidence and height. Nevertheless, the evening of her arrival, following the butler up marble stairs to the sanctum of her famed, still-unknown new "Boss," Tish did experience certain quakings. "Although no one else would conceive of the six feet of me as a 'lamb,' I felt very much like the proverbial one being led to the slaughter." The Ambassador conducted



THE EXHILARATION of winter ski-ing is seen in the above picture of part of the Lauberhorn-Scheidegg-Wengen run. It comes from *The Ski Runs Of Switzerland* (Michael Joseph, 35s.) by James Riddell, as does the picture below of the Mürren district





THIS DELIGHTFUL tilt at modern art opens the section, "The Artist's World," from *Kovarsky's World* (Faber and Faber, 21s.), cartoons by Anatol Kovarsky

the interview in a winning manner. "She was wearing a pale blue dress with a little white collar, and her eyes matched the blue—it was the colour of the Blue Grotto at Capri, that iridescent, ethereal blue. And she was terribly small and fragile, and looked just like a little girl." This impression proved to be misleading. . . . This took place in Villa Taverna, the Residence; scene henceforward of the secretary's activities. Vast crates waited to be unpacked; Miss Baldrige was forthwith entrusted with the charge of the household.

THE greater part of her duties remained unspecified; they made themselves known to her as she went along. Their variety was (see Chapter 8) infinite. The Ambassador had many human traits, including constantly losing her spectacles. We have a view of her at her butler's deathbed, and hear of her often in her bath, from which she dictated letters or gave forth monologues. Her modest and reasonable assumption was that everybody should be as tireless as herself. Miss Baldrige's nearest moment to cracking came when, believing herself to be on holiday, she found herself dogged down the coast of Italy by the Ambassadorial yacht.

However, it was "*Glamour—toujours Glamour.*" Nor did our heroine's personal life suffer—a Roman candle, she found, can be burned at both ends. *Roman Candle* tells us how this was done.

★ ★ ★

THE latest novel by Phyllis Paul is *A Cage For The Nightingale* (Heinemann, 15s.). Memorable is anything from this author—"incandescent" is the word I find for her work, which has also an underside of austere terror. (No reader can have forgotten *Rox Hall Illumined*, and many a critic still harks back to *Camilla*.) This time, she has given us a story well able to stand up to its resemblance to the Victorian Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas*—here's an incarcerated girl, victim of a major, malevolent personality. Miss Paul's Victoria's situation is more tragic than the Le Fanu heroine's—not merely her life is threatened, but her sanity. Indeed, the young creature is in the course of imperfect recovery from a breakdown, caused by a charge of murder, never cleared up.

Sadder still, Victoria is a warped genius: the poetry of her youth has been turned to evil, through deliberate mishandling by an evil psychiatrist. Dr. Constantine, ostensibly benefactor, is her undoer. The time is modern, the setting an ill-omened Victorian house in Sussex.

So summarized, *A Cage For The Nightingale* might seem just an essay in "horror fiction." I assure you it is very much more than that: indeed much of the "nightingale" quality, lost to Victoria, exists in her creator Miss Paul. The plot, tense to the end, is very exciting; but what lifts the book miles over the everyday is the language, the vision, the vehement inner poetry.

—Elizabeth Bowen



BATALHA MONASTERY has been most luminously photographed by H. R. Thornton. This illustration is taken from *Photograms 1958* which is published by Iliffe and Sons, 18s. 6d.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Ram Gopal, *Rhythm In The Heavens* (Secker and Warburg, 25s.), is fully illustrated, and the picture below depicts Ram Gopal dancing as the Golden Eagle, Garuda





A HAT IS THE FOCAL POINT OF INTEREST

FOR the ultimate in elegance a model hat is not merely an accessory it is an essential part of a sophisticated woman's grooming. No matter how reticent the dress a crested touch of flamboyance will lend it the couture look. Opposite: Otto Lucas's crownless bandeau of cascading white coque. At Fortnum & Mason and Samuels of Manchester. Bradley's magnificent cape of Cerulean Emba natural blue mutation mink



A GLEAMING blue lamé head-hugging toque trimmed with a toning velvet bow buckled with a jewel of multi-coloured stones. An Otto Lucas model at Harrods and Hendersons of Liverpool. Bradley's Jasmine Emba natural white mutation mink stole



Michel Molinare

TAILORED for late day occasions, an Otto Lucas model which is made in various shades of contrasting satins. At Debenhams & Freebody, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. It is worn with Bradley's bolero of Jasmine Emba natural white mutation mink



SLIM PURSE COUTURE

FOR those who cannot afford to dress at a couturier there is at a few of the top houses the next best thing—the Boutique. Here are ready-to-wear models from four of our leading designers. Opposite: Digby Morton separates. The blouse, black chiffon mounted on marron chiffon, about 8 gns. at Harvey Nichols, is worn with a matching satin skirt with an overlay of black needle-run lace, costing 17 gns. at Harrod:



Above: From the Hardy Amies Boutique, Savile Row, a double-breasted top coat in beige mohair, 40 gns., the matching skirt 15 gns., worn with a beige and brown paisley wool blouse, 14 gns.

Left: Mattli's black and white dog's tooth check suit, approximately 27½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth

From the Charles Creed Boutique an oatmeal tweed suit with leather insertions, about 40 gns. at Christopher of York and Miss Stewart of Harrogate

The hats are by Dorothy Carlton







FOR the woman who delights in being utterly feminine, why not choose a nightdress for her present? Above: A soft diaphanous nightgown and matching negligée of lilac coloured pure silk chiffon trimmed with black French needle-run lace, Fortnum & Mason £22 11s. 6d. and £30 19s. 6d. respectively. Above right: A slender nightgown by Kayser in baby blue nylon jersey lavishly trimmed with French lace which is backed with nylon, costing 5 gns. at Harvey Nichols and Bentalls of Kingston

THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

DESIGNED specially for the small woman: a rose pink nightgown in double nylon jersey with a flounced hemline—price 6 gns., the peignoir, price 10½ gns.; made by Helen Stuart. Both at Dickins & Jones; Kendal Milne, Manchester; and Bainbridge of Newcastle



Michel Molinare



A FAMOUS Paris model, Bronwen Pugh, on a visit to this country, wears a waltz length nightdress in double nylon jersey, white over lilac, trimmed with hand-coloured embroidery. By Helen Stuart, price 6 gns. at Harrods; Caley's of Windsor; and William Stevenson, Glasgow



AN EVENING MISCELLANY

FROM MISS WORTH we have chosen interchangeable separates perfect for evenings, festive or quiet. Starting with a basic black satin skirt we choose for a sophisticated dinner date a black jersey tunic, trimmed with an ostentatious fox collar which plunges to a low neckline at the back. Alternatively for dining at home we found a pearly embroidered black jersey top. The skirt and tunic together cost 28 gns.—the evening top alone 11 gns. Obtainable only at 50 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1



Brien Kirles



THE ALL-IMPORTANT accessories. The perfume—Worth's "Dans la Nuit." The French lace-trimmed chiffon handkerchief 4½ gns., the black suede handbag 9½ gns. and the peach suede gloves £4, all from The White House. The shoe—I. Miller's pump in black satin 7½ gns. at Harrods

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

This beauty case of Luxan hide contains a fitted tray which forms a separate bag with handle, leaving room for a weekend case, £15 2s., from Woollands



Brocade down cushion, green, gold or peach, £2 9s. 6d., velvet covered waste paper bin, green, wine or gold, £1 19s. 6d., Debenhams

Gifts for travellers or stay-at-homes

WHEN fog descends and days darken early, people either dream of islands in the sun or draw the curtains and sit by the fire. Here are presents for travellers and home-lovers

—JEAN CLELAND



Black ruched satin belt, price £6 5s., and black leather belt with trellis design in rolled gold, £3 17s. 6d. Both obtainable at Simpson



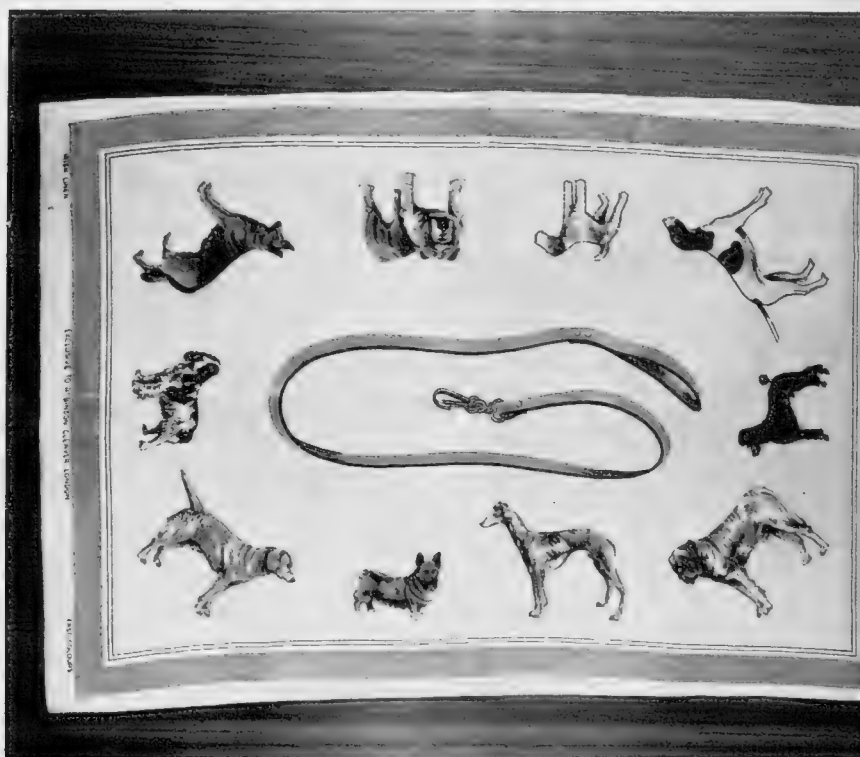
For joy to the sempstress, a charming
royal Worcester thimble, 13s. 6d.,
obtainable at leading stores



Cream Luxan hide luggage suite, gilt engine-
turned locks and silk linings, large case, £39 10s.,
middling case, £31 10s., hat box, £13 19s. 6d.,
Pullman bag, zip fastening, £17 19s. 6d., fitted
train case, containing six bottles, four cream jars
and a powder jar, £29. Debenham & Freebody



For travellers to the winter sun, a white and
gold willow leaf necklace, £4 2s. 6d., and matching
ear-rings, £2 1s., Fortnum & Mason have them



Cheerful washing-up, a gay "doggy" tea-
cloth in Irish linen and fast colours, 4s. 11d., which
is stocked exclusively by Robinson & Cleaver

Dennis Smith

Beauty

Holiday brightness

Jean Cleland



How to look bright and fresh on Christmas day is a problem that besets most mothers entertaining a large gathering of family and friends at her festive board. Whether or not she has cooked the meal herself, or had it cooked for her, she has had enough on her mind—planning, shopping, room decorating and tree trimming—to give her the slightly tired look that is sadly out of place with paper hats, whistles and crackers.

Nothing, as every woman knows, is more depressing than to be told "how tired you look." The festive spirit dies like a damp squib and dreariness sets in. Something, therefore, must be done to ensure against such a dismal state of affairs and make certain that, when dinner is served, looks sparkle as gaily as the lights on the tree and the candles on the table.

The great secret of looking bright on the day is not to go on rushing; with no let-up or pause, right up to the last minute. However much you have to do, and however busy you may be, make a promise to yourself that you will allow some time for relaxation. And while you are relaxing, treat your looks to a little "spoiling" in the way of a luxury treatment, or several if possible, to revive and rejuvenate.

If you are near enough to a good beauty salon, and can spare time for a professional service, I would strongly advise booking up for a treatment before Christmas. It could be the day before, or even a day or so earlier, but the sooner you book the better, as the salons get terribly busy just around that time.

Some of the treatments include back massage, and although this usually takes a little longer, it is time and money well spent. Nerves are centred in the spine, and when one is feeling taut and strung up, nothing is more gloriously relaxing than expert massage to loosen the little "knots" and smooth out the strain. This, followed by a mask, chosen to suit your individual needs, with a complete rest while it dries, is the best kind of refreshment I know. It really does renew the looks and wipe out all traces of fatigue.

People who live at a distance and find it impossible to get to a

beauty salon can do a lot towards refreshing the looks at home, with various preparations specially made for the purpose. There are many excellent face packs and masks for firming the contours and bracing the underlying tissues. They all give a gratifying look of "uplift" to the face. Some are more astringent than others (for a skin with very relaxed pores) and some have bleaching properties to lighten a skin that is looking a bit drab and discoloured.

Another very effective way of reviving a complexion that is tired is to use an egg preparation, which not only supplies concentrated nourishment, but helps the skin to retain moisture in the cell tissues. A very good one is Maria Hornés "Ego-Syl," which is best described as an activated and stabilized egg, containing protein, mineral salts, and various other beneficial constituents. By improving the blood supply, and restoring the elasticity of the fibres, it has a youthful effect on the skin, and provides a simple way of making it bloom when it has been inclined to droop. "Ego-Syl" can be used at night, and also during the day under the foundation.

In putting a good face on it for Christmas Day, we must not forget the hair, which is of primary importance when it comes to looking one's best. Most people will inevitably be having a shampoo and set as near to Christmas Day as possible. Some like to make a little difference between the day and evening look, and the question is how to do this without too much trouble. To get the answer, I went to talk with Alexis of Antoine, who said that success for this kind of quick-change act depends on a basic style that can, with a little decoration, be transformed from a practical to a party look. With Christmas presents in mind, I asked him if he would like to present my readers with some photographs, exclusive to The TATLER, to illustrate this idea. The result is the four you see on this page. They come from Alexis of Antoine, and from me, with all best wishes for a very happy Christmas.



THE SWATHED LOOK (left), designed by Antoine de Paris, is an example of purpose cutting. It gives length and volume to short hair. A small posy of flowers (right) adds gaiety for evening wear

BRUSH-INTO-SHAPE coiffure (left), also by Antoine, has feather-touch permanent waving and a double fringed effect combed on to the forehead. A bandeau of flowers (right) gives added femininity and charm



"King George IV"

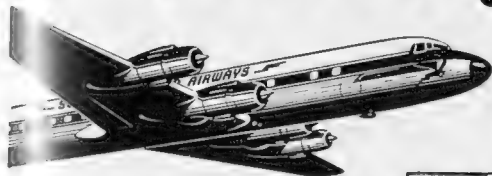
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



Retail Prices in the United Kingdom
Bottle 37/6; Half Bottle 19/6; Quarter Bottle 10/-; Miniature 3/10

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD : EDINBURGH : SCOTLAND

FLY WEST COAST TO South Africa



BY
DC-7B

EVERY SUNDAY

LONDON-JOHANNESBURG
IN LESS THAN A DAY
One stop only en route.

EVERY THURSDAY

LONDON-JOHANNESBURG via
AMSTERDAM-ZURICH-KANO-
LEOPOLDVILLE

Facilities for stop over at inter-
mediate points.

In addition three services per
week via Rome and Nairobi.



SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(in association with B.O.A.C. and C.A.A.)



Full particulars from your Travel Agent, B.O.A.C., C.A.A. or South
African Airways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: WHItchall 4498. For reservations 'phone VICtoria 2323.

"Dawn to Dusk" Liquid Make-up



**SETS YOUR
SKIN FREE!**

**Free to breathe ... Free to live ...
Free to grow more beautiful!**

SKIN NEEDS AIR. To imprison it in heavy
make-up is to invite choked pores, dryness,
coarseness, muddiness. To use—always—
Raymond's Dawn-to-Dusk Liquid Make-up is to
free your skin to perform its constant natural
functions, because this is the only foundation
that lets the air right through to the skin, so that
it can breathe. Yet this gossamer foundation
does all that a foundation must do. It gives
an exquisite matt bloom—hides small
blemishes—holds the light finishing touch
of powder. Use it *always*—starting
today—for SKIN NEEDS AIR!

"Dawn-to-Dusk" Liquid Make-up



by
Raymond

AT HIS SALONS, AND AT LEADING
STORES AND CHEMISTS, 8/-

Motoring

RACING CARS WE CAN ALL AFFORD

Oliver Stewart



BORGWARD Isabella hard-top coupé, available from Rodney Howard, W.I. only

HAVING put up a decent show of resistance to the Christmas spirit, I propose this week to give in and to refer to one kind of motoring present—the model. Few people can give cars; but tens of thousands every year give model cars. The kind of recipient I am thinking about is a boy or young man, and I need hardly emphasize that I am not concerned with toy cars.

In motoring, model making has never attained the amazingly high artistic and engineering levels it has reached in railways. Some model steam locomotives are major achievements in craftsmanship, taking years of the lives of their makers to complete and costing—if they could be bought—much more than the most expensive full size motor car. Nothing quite like that has happened in motoring. I know of no car model as detailed as some of the locomotive models. Nevertheless we have some beautiful work to consider.

And first I must warn the present giver about the importance of accuracy. Women sometimes make the mistake of thinking that, if the recipient is a young boy, he will not notice errors. There could be no greater delusion.

It is precisely and almost exclusively the small boy who knows every nut and screw, every turn and contour, every colour scheme, serial number, tyre size, screen angle and the rest of it, of every famous automobile. So for heaven's sake ensure that the maker is a scrupulously accurate modeller.

There are such, and it would be invidious for me to single out any one as being of particular merit. I would suggest, though, that a really accurate model of the Vanwall is this year likely to be well received. Perhaps it is permissible to refer to one company by name which undertakes this work, because it deals exclusively with

hand finished, one twenty-fifth scale models and does not, I think, sell through retailers. It is SPM Ltd. of Chessington in Surrey. This year they are offering a Lotus Mark XI, a Vanwall, a Ferrari, a 300 SLR Mercedes Benz, a Triumph TR3 and a MG-A. As they are all hand-worked only a limited number of each model can be made.

LET me now turn to a more solemn subject, that of weight reducing; motor car weight reducing, of course. When they choose a car almost the last thing buyers consider is the tare weight and its relationship to the loads they will generally carry yet this relationship will influence the manner of every mile run.

For instance a woman owner who uses her car mainly for shopping expeditions and for visiting friends in the district, who is mostly riding alone, is basically best served by a lightweight vehicle, whereas the owner who seems incapable of moving anywhere without three or four friends and masses of luggage is basically best served by a heavyweight vehicle.

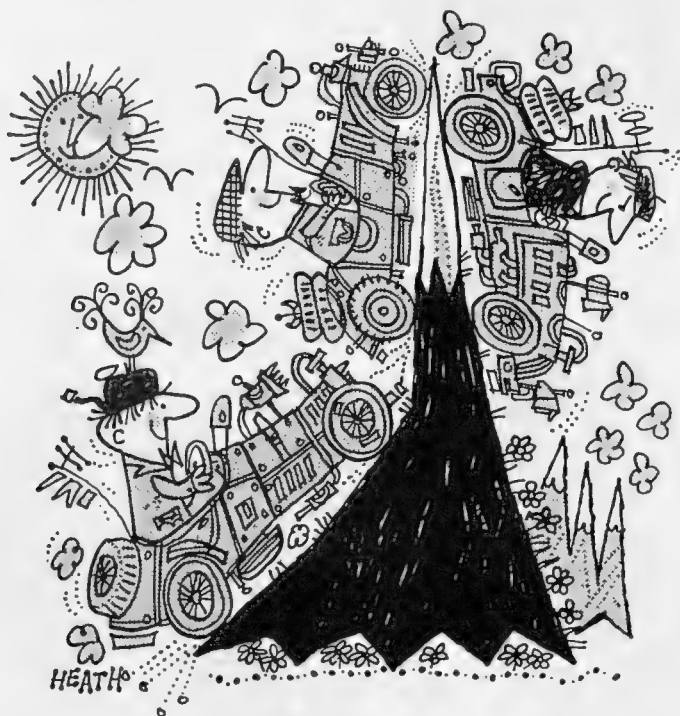
The point is this: the performance of the car—especially acceleration—will be determined largely by the horsepower available to the kilogram of weight—not by the weight alone. Thus a Bentley which might come near to the two ton mark has an engine which delivers so much power that its acceleration is better than that of vast numbers of cars weighing just under one ton. And that acceleration will be less affected by the load carried. The Bentley will do practically the same whether the driver is alone or the car is choked with friends and baggage.

The very lightweight car, on the other hand, may give satisfactory performance figures when the driver is alone, but it will not feel the difference and show its feeling when it is heavily loaded. It follows that for the owner who does most of his motoring alone, light weight can show all its advantages. It will give good acceleration with relatively little power and therefore low consumption; it will give low wear and tear in tyres and other parts; it will take up little room and be easy to manoeuvre and it will probably be low in first cost. So the scientific purchaser should make the tare weight fit the average load. Perhaps it is a good thing that there are so few scientific purchasers!

NONE of the troubles in exporting cars to Europe which have been so freely predicted by the pessimists was confirmed by Mr. S. G. Forsyth, Ford's General Export Manager at Dagenham, when he returned from his visit to the Continent. On the contrary he expressed the view that the outlook was encouraging and that the "highly competitive and sophisticated European market" represented a challenge for which the Ford company was fully prepared.

And his words were supported when a shipment from Dagenham to Denmark set a new record of 170,000 Ford exports in eleven months compared with the 1955 record of 168,495 vehicles for the whole year. An entertaining feature of the Ford export achievements, when one recalls the history of the company, is the considerable shipment to the United States. I believe that more than 3,000 cars have been shipped direct to Detroit.

I have recently had another look at the Borgward Isabella hard-top coupé and my first impressions of a highly successful piece of styling were confirmed. This is certainly a model with a future. I shall write more about it in the New Year.






The Mighty New
Eagle

NOW WITH THE MIRACLE STRENGTH OF NYLON

The world's most distinguished car tyre—the Eagle by Goodyear—is now *even better*. Nylon—world's strongest man-made fibre—gives this mighty tyre miracle strength and resiliency . . . makes it lighter, cooler-running, easier riding. Added to its other outstanding features this new nylon construction makes the Eagle the best tyre that money can buy.

LONGER MILEAGE • GREATER SAFETY
GREATER RELIABILITY • LUXURIOUS COMFORT • OUTSTANDING BEAUTY

GOODYEAR



PALACE HOTEL
TORQUAY

The finest Hotel on the English Coast

Write for full details to
The Manager, George Conquest, F.H.C.I.

Tel: 22271

For all Winter Sport enthusiasts


Flight Without Wings

GERARD FAIRLIE

The biography of Hannes Schneider

"A magnificent human story with all the exhilaration of the sun and wind. . . . Probably the greatest ski instructor the world has ever seen." *NANCY SPAIN, Daily Express* 16/- net

HODDER & STOUGHTON Warwick Square, London, E.C. 4



"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both"
— Macbeth

ACID INDIGESTION

Under present day stresses, more and more of us find acidity makes digestion difficult or unpleasant. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets, with their pleasant peppermint flavour, deal with this highly personal problem so promptly, unobtrusively and effectively that it is really no longer a problem at all.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

12 Tablets 10½d. 75 Tablets 3/4
30 Tablets 1/8 150 Tablets 5/6

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

active in peace... as in war...

Please help by legacy or donation. Write for leaflet "18 Vital Peacetime Activities"

The **BRITISH RED CROSS** Society

National Headquarters:
14 GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

FOR A DAY OR A STAY IN LONDON—Select the **WALDORF HOTEL**

ADLWYCH WC2

'Twixt City and West End. Accessible to all parts. Superb cuisine, service and comfort. 500 modern appointed bedrooms, each with phone. Reasonable terms.

The venue for business and social meetings, receptions, etc. First class restaurant and grill-room.

Write for brochure D



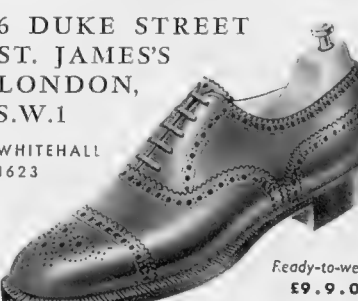
WIRES - WALDORFIUS, ESTRAND, LONDON
PHONE - - - TEMple Bar 2400

WILDSMITH & CO

ESTABLISHED 1847

6 DUKE STREET ST. JAMES'S LONDON, S.W.1

WHITEHALL 1623



Ready-to-wear £9.9.0

BROCHURE AND SELF MEASUREMENT FORM ON REQUEST



THE PRINCES RESTAURANT, which forms part of the extension to the Connaught Rooms, is a notable addition to London's first-class eating places, with fine cuisine and cellars

DINING OUT

For the party spirit

“WHAT are you doing at Christmas?” The question is heard everywhere just now, and the replies throw a fascinating light on the pursuits followed by the human race under the general heading of “Pleasure.”

One thing one always does, and that is wish one was immensely rich—at least I do. I find it, for example, an agony to gaze at the superb decanters of fine Cognac and whiskeys in the windows of Justerini and Brooks in Bond Street, and have to pass on with a sigh. Window shopping, in fact, becomes a nightmare, and as for wandering about in Fortnum and Mason's luxury emporium, after about twenty minutes one has to hurry away to the nearest inn to recover from the frustration.

One may have plenty of friends, but one's own home is more important, and before distributing any largesse I stock up the home front first.

Wine is usually top of the list and always includes some very reasonable, honest wines from 9s. to 12s. 6d. per bottle and a few château bottled at round about 20s. to 25s. Another important item is the ingredients for my favourite punch, which I can assure you will arouse the dead. This is how you make it: one pint of hot China tea, half a pint of brandy, half a pint of Jamaica rum, one wine-glass of Grand Marnier, one wine-glass of Green Chartreuse, the juice of two limes, a thin slice of lemon, sugar to taste, quarter pint of warm calf's-foot jelly. This is my sort of personal version of Royal Punch. Drink it as hot as possible and you'll live for ever; its recuperative powers are astonishing.

REMEMBER, it's not necessary to go to London to do your Christmas shopping, although it may make a change. If you live in the suburbs or in the country and look around, you will probably find an old established wine merchant more or less on your doorstep, as I have—“Powell's of Wimbledon.” When you sit down to a saddle of lamb and some fine wine in the panelled boardroom of the directors, W. R. Woodard and N. A. Notley, and talk about great vintages of the past or the wines of today, it is almost impossible not to imagine that you are deep in the heart of the City of London.

I had the same sensation when I entered the ballroom of the Wimbledon Hill Hotel to find it surrounded by large candlelit tables and rows of bottles of wine ready for tasting, together with a fine selection of English cheeses to go with them.

The occasion was a tasting organized by the hotel and Messrs. Rutherford, Osborne & Perkins, wine shippers of the City of London, for the sherries of Duff Gordon and the Madeiras of Rutherford and Miles. One of the objects of the party was to introduce a new dry sherry called Fino FERIA and also to present their sherries and Madeiras.

The interesting part of this affair was that the guests were not all members of the wine trade and/or wholesale or retail dealers in wine. They were the “locals” who regularly use the Wimbledon Hill Hotel for lunch or dinner. It was a most successful party.

It appears that in this column, in the issue of November 27, I, Bickerstaff dropped a brick in describing Mrs. Gena Mackinnon as head of the Clan Mackinnon which, in fact, she is not. An error of this sort can quite easily start a rising of the clans, so I offer my humble apologies.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Ring the changes

IT is just one week to Christmas Day—and what a lot most of us will have to cram into it! It is always advisable to contract early on for a turkey. I have already ordered and paid 5s. a pound for one, postage included (this week's price is 6s. a pound), and, if it is anything so good as the one that I received from the same farm last year, I shall be content.

Last week I gave a chestnut stuffing for the crop. A basic stuffing for the body is useful to have on hand because so many things can be added to it, thereby changing its character at will. Here is my own recipe which I vary, I think, every time I roast a turkey!

For a 12- to 14-lb. bird, cut 4 oz. rindless unsmoked streaky bacon into matchsticks and fry them in a large frying pan to extract the fat. Add a chopped small onion and gently cook it to the translucent stage. Meanwhile, in another pan, fry the liver in a little butter until it is firm. Sprinkle up to three cups of fine breadcrumbs from a two-day-old loaf into the first pan and cook them while stirring constantly. Do not leave them, because they very easily burn.

When the crumbs are a creamy tone, remove from the heat and season with salt and freshly milled pepper to taste and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Add up to 2 tablespoons freshly chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 level teaspoon of powdered dried thyme, the grated rind of a large lemon and the chopped liver. Stir together. Take a pinch of the mixture and taste it to see if further seasoning is required. Next, add the binder. This can be strained giblet stock or beaten egg. I think it is better to have a moist stuffing because it does not then take any moisture from the bird itself.

Celery makes a good variation. Finely chop a cup of the best part of a medium-sized head of celery. Simmer it in $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 oz. butter until soft but not coloured. Add it to the basic mixture. Oyster stuffing, based on it, is another delicious variation. For this purpose, use a pint of the small, less expensive ones. Open them and place them in a pan in their own liquor. Slowly heat until the edges curl. Add to the forcemeat and use the oyster stock to moisten it.

For those who like a somewhat Eastern touch, add a cup of seed raisins and one of chopped walnuts to the original filling. The walnuts themselves, without the raisins, are very good. Forcemeat should be a surprise—a pleasant one.

The assembling of the dry ingredients can take place on Christmas Eve, but do not add any liquid and do not stuff the bird until the morning of the day it is to be cooked.

Young housewives roasting a turkey for the first time should be warned that the stuffings, both for the breast and body, should be loosely placed in the bird. There is then less risk of the skin's bursting.

TURKEY can be very dry because most folk have so little experience of cooking it and what may be learned one year is easily forgotten by the next Christmas. It seems such a pity to over-roast a bird so that the breast cuts into what I always describe as “powdery slices” instead of nice juicy ones.

Brush the whole stuffed bird with creamed butter. Dip a piece of butter muslin in melted butter and wrap the bird in it. Place the turkey on its side on a rack in the roasting tin. (These V-shaped poultry racks can be bought at Harrods for 7s. 6d. each. Their purpose is to keep the bird off the bottom of the tin and in a position where the juices run down into the breast, not into the back where there is so very little meat.)

Have the oven heated at 300 degrees Fahr., or gas mark 2. Allow 23 minutes a pound for a bird of 10 to 12 lb. or, for a 14-lb. bird and larger, 18 to 20 minutes a pound. If one's oven tends to run a little on the hot side, the temperature can be slightly reduced.

Baste the turkey every half hour or so and, half-way through the cooking, turn it on to its other side. Remove the cloth for the last half hour and, if you wish, sprinkle the bird with flour and a little salt. It should be beautifully browned.

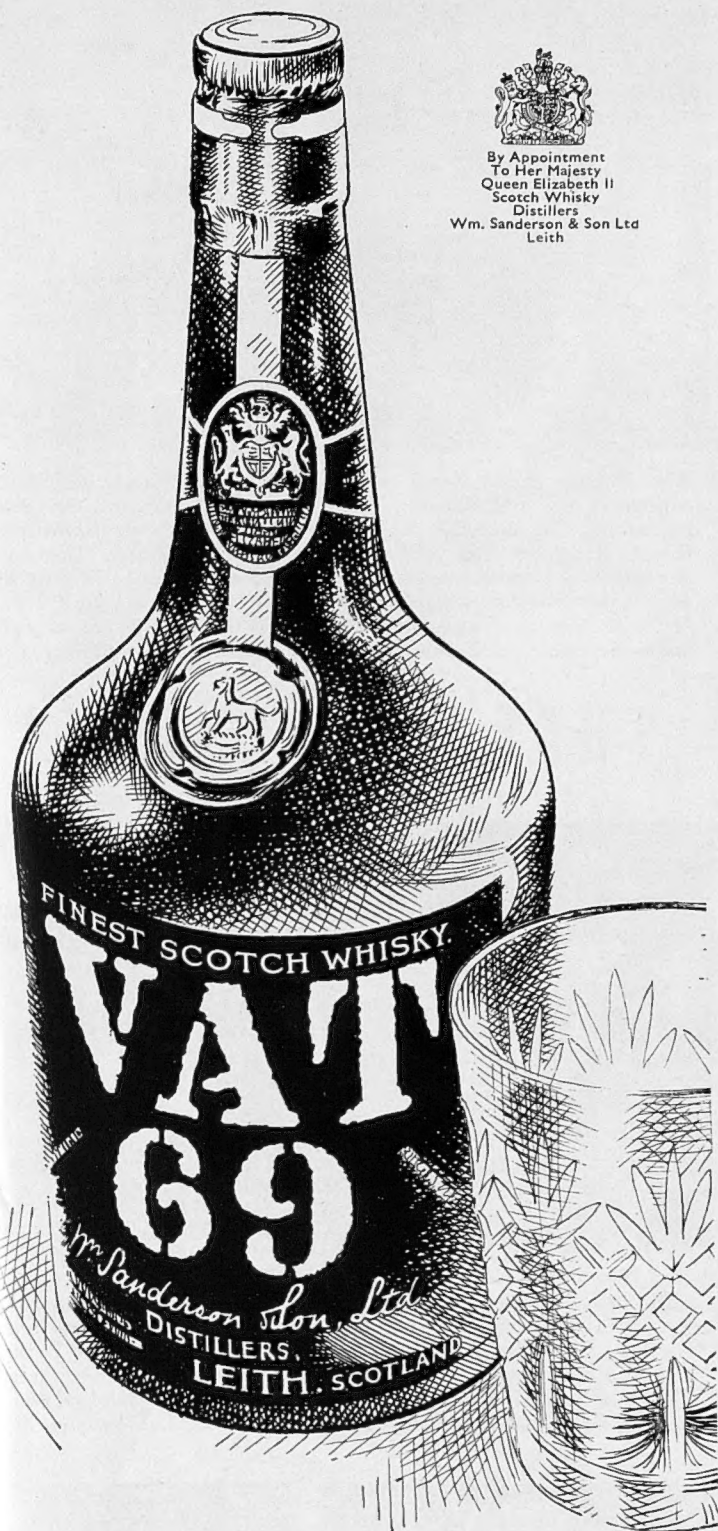
In every American and Canadian home, cranberry sauce, jelly or conserve is served with turkey, with which it goes very well. You can buy them from any of the large stores and the less big but progressive ones. Cranberries are so expensive, these days, that it is hardly worth while making one's own sauce.

I would like to remind you of two new cookery books. *Collins Family Cookery*, by Elizabeth Craig (35s.), is the record of a long life spent on writing on cookery. Anyone devoted to cookery books (as all who like good food are) would welcome this book as a Christmas gift. There are 960 pages, and 200 photographs, many in colour.

Another welcome book, especially for party-givers, is Victor MacClure's *Party Fare* (Putnam, 21s.). In it much space is given, rightly, to wines and “drinks”—cocktails, cups and so on. There are many short drinks you have heard of but never mixed, and many more attractive concoctions unknown to most of us. The party snacks are bright, and very good they appear.

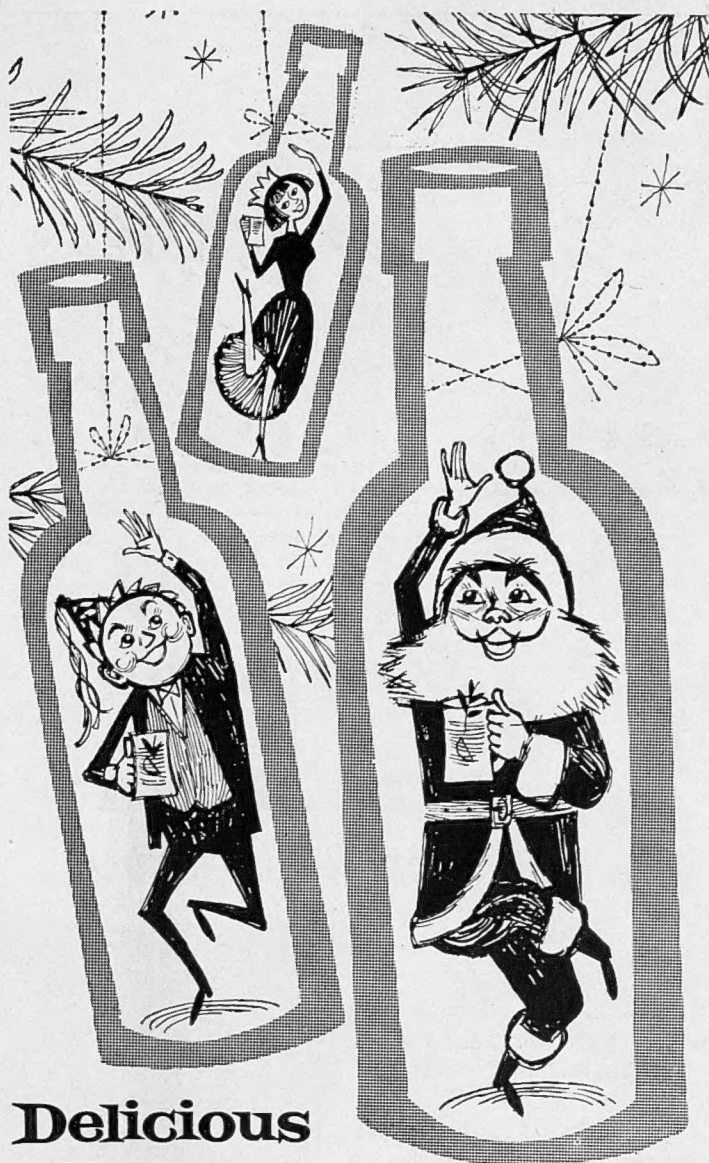
—Helen Burke

By Appointment
To Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II
Scotch Whisky
Distillers
Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd
Leith



A scotch
of great
worth

Worth looking for—worth treasuring



Delicious Pimms for Christmas

choose from 3 bottle sizes

CHRISTMAS means parties. Parties need Pimms. So lay in plenty of Pimms now. Lay it out, too – as presents. You can buy Pimms No. 1 in three different sized bottles. There's the large sized bottle – give that to your thirsty friends, who'll appreciate the 16 glorious half pints. The half bottle – a delicious present for anyone who can manage not to drink Pimms the *whole* time. And the handy little eighth bottle which makes 4 Pimmet-sized glasses.

Pimms No. 1 is made, of course, with pure English gin and choice Continental liqueurs. That provides the famous Pimms flavour—exciting, clean, refreshing. All you have to do is toss in a sliver of cucumber rind and a slice of lemon and top up with fizzy lemonade.



Eighth Bottle 5/8
Half Bottle 18/8
Large Bottle 35/9

**PIMMS NO. 1
CUP**
the most heavenly drink on earth



Vicomte d'Orthez Reims

GRAND VIN DE CHAMPAGNE

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING WINE MERCHANTS

OR CHAMPAGNE D'ORTHEZ (London) Ltd., 7/8 NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Sherries

from **SOUTH AFRICA**

Acclaimed by the discerning

The greatest wine experts have praised the quality and flavour of fine South African Sherries, produced under the traditional Solera system and matured in the incomparable climate of Cape Province where wine has been made for 300 years. There is a selection from light, dry Sherries to full rich brown to please every discerning palate.

South African Sherries are obtainable from good wine merchants in every part of the Country—try them yourself and agree with the experts.



SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION
(LONDON) LIMITED



**PURE
IRISH
LINEN**

Handkerchiefs

FOR
LADIES & GENTLEMEN

FROM ALL LEADING SHOPS



Yevonde
Miss Frances June Burns, elder daughter of Mr. D. J. Burns, of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and of Mrs. C. M. Burns, of New York, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Louis Clough, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clough, of Grey Court, Harrogate, W. Riding, Yorks



Desmond Grove
Miss Jane Harker, younger daughter of Mr. G. S. Harker, and of the late Mrs. Jessie Harker, of Broad Walk, Wilmslow, Cheshire, is engaged to Mr. John Witham Waddington, of Glenview Road, Burnley, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Waddington, of Burnley, Lancashire

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Mary Williamson, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Hedworth Williamson, of South Nore, West Wittering, Sussex, is engaged to Lord Nicholas Gordon Lennox, younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, of Goodwood, Chichester



Lennox
Miss Anne Mary Cavell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Cavell, of Fircroft, Uppingham, Rutland, is to marry Mr. Mark Edward Taylor, son of the late Major A. E. Taylor and of Mrs. Taylor, of Loviston, Kingsland, Shrewsbury



Pearl Freeman
Miss Joyce Adeline Mary Graham, daughter of Cdr. Graham, O.B.E., R.N., and of Mrs. Graham, of Lochside, Colvend, the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, is engaged to Mr. Francis Hunter Blair, son of the late Cdr. G. P. H. Blair and Mrs. R. Lambert, of Straiton, Ayrshire



Fayer
Miss Rosemary Evelyn Benda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Benda, Abingdon Court, London, W.8, has announced her engagement to Mr. Nicholas Folliott Douglas Powell, only son of Sir Richard Powell, Bt., M.C., and Lady Powell, of Small's House, Brightwell, Berks

able to see for yourselves when
Peter gets his leave next month.

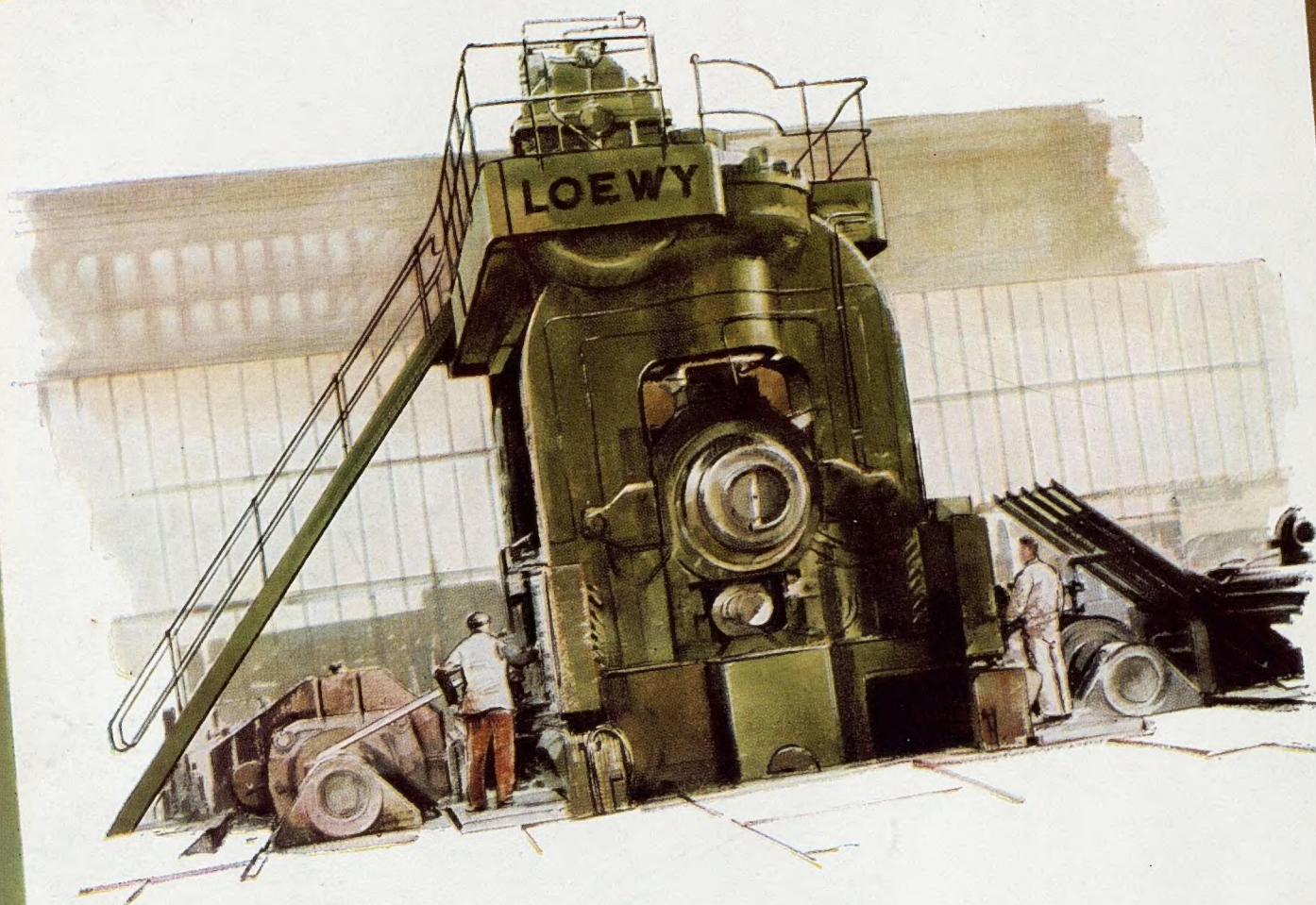
Once again, then, thank you
for the subscription gift which
arrived plumb on our anniversary -
a lovely surprise. It's so nice to
keep abreast of things at "home" -
especially Fashion!

Lots of love to you both,
Janet and Peter

William Turner,
Cleveland Park Hall,
Cheltenham Spa,
Gloucestershire, ENGLAND.



A
three, six or
twelve month
subscription
to the inestimable
TATLER is by no means
always the best birthday
or anniversary gift, but you
can be sure that nine times out
of ten it will prove to be just
exactly right! The TATLER can be sent
to anywhere in the world for fifty-two
weeks for only £6. 12. 0 (Canada £5. 14. 0;
inland £6. 5. 6). Just write to The Publisher,
Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2.



Intense mechanical pressure

Steel rolls, forced together by great pressure, reduce the thickness of the steel strip, thereby improving its internal structure, increasing its strength, and giving it a fine surface. This strip is used in many important industries. The four great rolls of this cold reversing mill, made in Britain for use in France, are carried—as in so many other important mills—in Timken tapered-roller bearings, which withstand the intense pressure and speed.

TIMKEN Regd.
Trade Mark:
TIMKEN
tapered-roller bearings

MADE IN ENGLAND BY BRITISH TIMKEN LTD
DUSTON, NORTHAMPTON (HEAD OFFICE); DAVENTRY & BIRMINGHAM